

Glimpses of
Life in Bermuda
and the Tropics

by

Margaret Newton

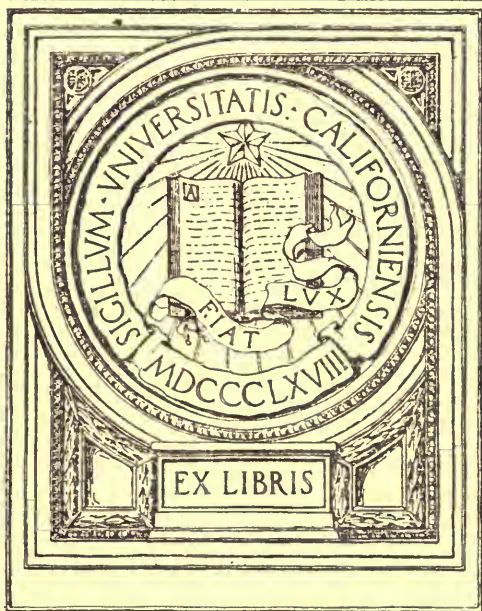
nia

ILLUSTRATED BY
THE AUTHORESS

57-

Helen M. Peacock.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS

11.13.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN
BERMUDA AND THE TROPICS



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



A Coloured Child

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN
BERMUDA AND THE TROPICS

BY
MARGARET NEWTON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHORESS

London

DIGBY, LONG & CO., PUBLISHERS

18 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street E C

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED]

AD 70-71AD
AD 130-131AD

F
1610
N488

TO
MY FRIEND
JANE M. BUCHANAN
I DEDICATE
THIS RECORD OF MY WANDERINGS
IN THE REGIONS OF
UNENDING SUMMER

LONDONDERRY

February 1897.

123944

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
I. FIRST IMPRESSIONS AT BERMUDA	7
II. CHRISTMAS IN BERMUDA	26
III. WEST INDIES—LAND IN SIGHT	36
IV. MARTINIQUE, SANTA LUCIA, BARBADOES	53
V. DEMERARA	62
VI. TRININAD	74
VII. SAUT D'EAU FALLS OF MARACCAS	82
VIII. THE PITCH LAKE	91
IX. MASQUERADING, PORT OF SPAIN	101
X. A SUGAR ESTATE	117
XI. TRINIDAD TO DOMINICA	133
XII. BARBADOES (BATHSHEBA)	158
XIII. JACMEL, JAMAICA	166
XIV. THE NORTH COAST, JAMAICA	182
XV. OCHO RIOS	199
XVI. FERN GULLY, DIAVOLO, BOG WALK	214
XVII. THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEWCASTLE	228
XVIII. ROUTE TO PORT ANTONIO, JOURNEY HOME	240

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Page Illustrations

A COLOURED CHILD, BERMUDA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
CHRISTMAS EVE, BERMUDA	28
A WATER CARRIER, ST KITTS	47
MAIN STREET, DEMERARA	69
WASHING CLOTHES, TRINIDAD	84
THE PITCH LAKE	93
COURA, TRINIDAD	119
THE ROSEAU VALLEY, DOMINICA	144
BATHSHEBA, BARBADOES	159
SUPPER TIME, JAMAICA	184
OCHO RIOS	204
CATHERINE PEAK AND FARM RIDGE	226

Text Illustrations

THE ORINOCO	7
MANGROVE ROOTS	11
POINSETTIA	13
PRICKLY PEAR	14

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

	PAGE
INSCRIPTION ON SPANISH ROCK . . .	15
SPECTACLES AT SPANISH ROCK . . .	16
BERMUDA HOLLY	26
LIFE PLANT	34
SANTA CRUZ	41
ST EUSTATIUS	43
S. KITT'S, MOUNT MISERY	44
MONTSERRAT	49
GUADALOUPE	50
DOMINICA	51
DIAMOND ROCK, MARTINIQUE	54
THE BOCCA HUEVOS	62
COOKING UTENSILS	67
PEPPER PLANT	76
NUTMEG	81
CLOVES	85
LA BREA	91
CASHEW	96
SAUT D'EAU ISLAND	100
HEIGHTS OF ARIMA	103
CORN BIRDS' NESTS	104
THE PITONS, ST LUCIA	134
DIVING BOYS	135
LUNAR RAINBOWS	138
WAYSIDE SCENE, JAMAICA	180
PINK CREEPER	229
LOBELIA, IPECACUANHA, ETC.	232
WILD FUSCHIA	233

INTRODUCTION

‘ To wander far away,
On from island unto island, to the gateways of the day.

‘ Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadth of tropic shade and palms to cluster, knots of Paradise.

‘ Droops the heavy blossomed bower, hangs the heavy fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.’

Locksley Hall.

It is with the utmost diffidence I venture to offer these very inadequate descriptions of some of the glorious scenes I visited in the West Indies to the public. My friends both there and here have continually urged that I should write an account of my travels and adventures in regions not yet generally known, and perhaps few strangers have visited quite so many ‘out-of-the-way’ places, or seen so much of the natives in their homes, as I have done. It is with awe I venture to record some of the countless impressions made by nature in these islands upon my memory. These ‘glimpses’ were

written at the time more with a view to keep the memory fresh for me than with any distinct idea of publication, and as such I trust they will not be too severely criticised. I found it so difficult to discover which scenes were most attractive from an artistic standpoint, that in many cases I simply explored the country in search of them, though, in every case, things were made easy for me by the marvellous hospitality of friends to whom I had brought letters of introduction. I have not alluded, except in general terms to the kindness of the West Indians, indeed, they are justly famous for their hospitality, which is so graciously bestowed as almost to beguile the visitor into the belief that one is conferring a pleasure upon them by accepting it. The like of which one simply cannot comprehend in older countries where keeping 'open-house' would be impossible.

To the friends who made my visit to these beautiful islands so delightful, I wish to offer my most grateful thanks and to assure them that their cordiality and kindness towards me will always remain one of the happiest memories of my life.

In the illustrations, I have selected from over one hundred and fifty sketches in pencil and water colour, taken at the time, I have endeavoured to choose scenes as characteristic and varied as possible, and to give some idea through them of all the islands I stayed at. My only regret is, that the number of them is necessarily so limited, and with so very wide a field for illustration,

one is inevitably obliged to withhold much that was impressive.

If I have dwelt too absolutely on the bright side of the picture, I must ask pardon for my partiality. To see what I have seen and to sketch—day by day—as I sketched one must often undergo fatigue and sometimes hardships. One must be ready to rough it, and to make the best of such inconveniences as excessive heat and the extreme indolence of the natives, and to put up with their decidedly ‘through-other’ style of work, and with their frequent disregard for punctuality and general lack of accuracy, either in word or deed.

One must be prepared to endure the onslaught of mosquitoes, to be blinded by clouds of dust and the effects of heat so great that one often feels like having a Turkish bath, though the nights are always refreshingly cool, and there is very little change in the temperature all the year round. January and February are really delightful months, however.

There are fevers, too, and chills to be combated, and there is an enervating tendency in perpetual heat, which makes study of any kind twice as difficult as in a more bracing atmosphere.

Then of course many of the dwellings are primitive, and one has to dispense with luxuries so common at home that we scarcely appreciate them. In some islands, for instance, it is almost impossible to obtain new milk, and condensed English milk is chiefly what is used, and good butter is almost unobtainable. Of

course ice is used extensively, but butter in a semi-transparent condition is not so appetising as the creamy looking article of colder regions.

Then one has to beware of snakes and a host of unpleasant insects when one longs to lie in the grass, or wander by the side of streams; though in point of fact these terrors are exaggerated, and although I sometimes sketched in curious places, I was never attacked by anything worse than mosquitoes, sand-flies or grass-ticks—these last tiresome enough however. There is much less privacy in West Indian houses than in England, as wide spaces are often left at the top of walls for the sake of ventilation, and also both at the foot and the top of doors, so that whatever goes on in any part of the house is generally heard all over it, and conversation is public property.

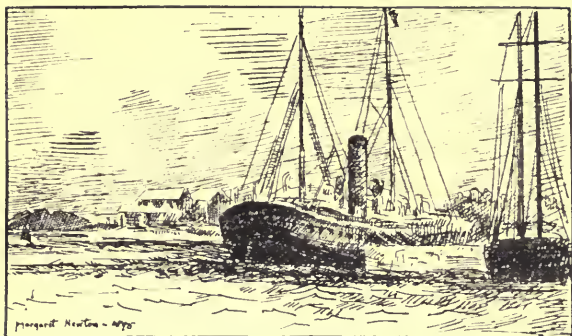
Sanitation, too, is not sufficiently considered, and fevers are the consequence; still this defect is being remedied, as the terrible scourge of yellow fever, once so dreaded in these islands, is now quite rare, a fact which proves that progress is being made, though typhoid, diphtheria, and intermittent fevers are still more common than they need be with more perfect sanitation. These are some of the defects which it is only right to mention, but when one is accustomed to the islands these drawbacks are less terrible than when written in black and white.

There is another characteristic of the West Indians I must not omit, and that is their loyalty to England and

their pride in all that belongs to the Mother Country. An English man or woman is sure to meet with kindness in these islands, and with a frankness and cordiality both cheering and delightful. Things are much further advanced in Jamaica, Barbadoes, Trinidad and Georgetown than we sometimes realise. Electric light, tram-cars, and even electric cars (in Port of Spain) telegraphs, telephones (these latter largely used), and railways are amongst the modern improvements; good shops, too there are, and in some ways the Port of Spain is the most progressive town in the British West Indies. Indeed Trinidad has advantages so great, that with her splendid harbour she has every chance of becoming one of the most prosperous of these colonies. When as years go by, (as in Jamaica) the cool mountain heights are made accessible as sanatoriums for those needing a more bracing atmosphere than the towns it will be an advantage. There is a brightness and vivacity about the Trinidadians which renders a stay in their lovely island, 'a joy for ever.'

There are also in these islands subjects for the artist, so lovely and so numerous that one would be amply repaid by a sojourn there; and to the scientific mind there is a wide field open.

If I have said anything which will induce others to visit scenes I have so keenly enjoyed, or to realise more fully the value and great beauty of these tropical colonies, I shall be rewarded for the exertion made after days of fatiguing rambles to record these 'Glimpses of Life in Bermuda and the Tropics.'



THE ORINOCO

BERMUDA

CHAPTER I

LAND in sight after two days and a half at sea! The white houses of St George's gleam in the bright, clear sunlight, and the *Orinoco* glides through a somewhat circuitous course, avoiding coral reefs, onward towards Hamilton. Wonderful, translucent depths, blue-green and emerald, sapphire and opal tints! First the health officer comes on board, surveys the second cabin passengers, and takes his departure, then a boat with white-coated British sailors rows alongside to take mails for Ireland Island, and, in spite of a somewhat tossing sea, pulls manfully in the wake, for a short time, of the *Orinoco*. We wind amidst numbers of Islands, cedar-wooded, verdant, almost, as old Erin, dotted with dazzlingly white dwelling houses; and at last, just as we come

within sight of Hamilton, a thunder shower falling in torrents transforms the wharfs into a species of waterfall, and the crowd which has gathered to see the arrival of the steamer, attired in fresh print dresses and Sunday best, is obliged to retreat beneath the sheds. But the sun soon shines forth again and the shower is over before we land.

Leaving my luggage to find its way to the Custom House, I started in quest of a boarding-house, and after much hunting and disappointment ultimately found one. Many of the boarding-houses were not open, for the season had not yet begun, and when I returned to the Customs to get my things examined, it was half-past one o'clock. But if the hunt for a boarding-house was a weary one owing to my somewhat early advent in Bermuda, it was made easier by the courtesy of the people here. They were so kind in giving me advice and showing me the way, and the coloured people bowed most respectfully, out of courtesy to me as a stranger.

The roads dried directly, and the strong sunshine made the atmosphere very like that of a hot-house, damp and warm after the rain. And oh, the *charm* of it all! Wide verandahs, palms, and coloured people passing picturesquely along, and a delightful black baby swinging a large crimson hibiscus blossom as its still darker-hued mother drove it past in a perambulator, while donkey waggons with their gracefully indolent coloured drivers, swept along. Oh! the wonderful hues of the hibiscus trees, scarlet and crimson and magenta—

trumpet-shaped — and of the purple, graceful, bouganvillier, with drooping, flower-laden branches, the regal colours of the purple-blue convolvulus, or morning glory, the broad green banana leaves, and the aurelia like verdure of the paw-paw plants with green fruit clusters, the sugar apple waving glossy branches above banana bunches, palms outspreading above maiden hair tufted walls! Everywhere, verdant glimpses and cedar-clad hills, silvery-hued roads, sand-coated and of coral and limestone formation, like continuous pavement — purple shadows meeting over pleasant road-windings, clear air, sunshine and sky of purest cobalt.

These and an atmosphere of peacefulness and salubrity were amongst one's first impressions of Bermuda; a smiling, happy-looking people, and an every day Sabbath—tranquillity after unending rush and worry—repose without stagnation—a benignant atmosphere—soothing, salubrious—a perpetual verdure, and unceasing flowers. A sapphire sea, sparkling, intensely luminous, sunshine and shadow, clouds too in turn, surely it is a land for love and poetry, for spiritual advancement and sweet home fellowship.

The *Orinoco* ploughs her way over the tossing waters of the Gulf Stream. Fortnightly she brings some happy wanderers to this haven of rest and leaves them there, returning with precious news from home eagerly awaited. The Post Office on the morning after the advent of the steamer, presents an aspect more alert than on other days, for the arrival of the *Orinoco* is the great

event in the Islands, and her entrance to the docks is welcomed as a friend, as the chief connecting link with the outer world.

Turn where one will in Bermuda, charming subjects for sketching meet the eye ; trees and semi-tropical vegetation, cedars, and loveliest flowers. Roadways cut through the coral rock, lined and seamed, and perforated, stained with pearl grey tints, now raised in bright relief, or lost in warm toned shadows. Crowned by oleanders, bamboos and cedars, tufted with waving maiden hair, and pigeon-berry shrubs. Pride of India trees rough rinded, with twisted gnarled branches, and foliage resembling ash trees, but berry laden, stand out strongly in contrast to the more erect cedars. Bananas unfurl their emerald leaves, erecting their young verdure upright like a scroll, and dropping green fruit clusters, tipped with blossoming rose coverings in which the immature bananas or their blossoms are shrouded layer within layer. Golden tinted leaves also autumn hued (for even banana has its autumn). Banana ridges growing near the roadsides within reach of the wayfarer, guarded by their own unripeness—but forming interesting ridges of broad leaved vegetation. One must beware of letting the juice of banana leaves or fruit touch one's linen, as a dark stain would be the result, and the juice of oleander trees produces a similar effect.

Mangroves, myriad rooted, gnarled and verdant, fringe the termination of the Sound. Their twisted dark-brown trunks rise from the water's edge, curve with new branch-

shoots upwards, then droop quickly, casting anchor with descending roots, they again rise skywards—to repeat the process of re-rooting. From all the older branches rootlets, shaggy, strange-looking, descend like dishevelled tresses, first wind blown, then petrified. They spread their roots in search of something to which they may attach themselves : finding it not they are left suspended in mid-air, standing out darkly against the intense blue sky. The foliage reminds one of our own alder trees, but it is more succulent in character ; the under side is of a lighter shade.



MANGROVE ROOTS

There are two kinds of Mangroves, in one of which, the leaf is greener and more succulent than in the other, and the roots are more intricately connected and entangled ; branches and roots present a strangely confused appear-

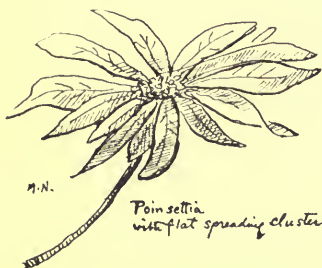
ance. At Fairyland there is a large swamp of mangroves of both kinds.

To enumerate the different trees and shrubs and flowering plants of Bermuda would occupy a volume, but I must just describe a few of those which strike the stranger as most tropical or strange. Everywhere the Oleander flourishes, and it is said there are fourteen different kinds of it. The commonest species is the lovely pink blossom, both double and single, which contrasts so charmingly with the grey-stained coral rock, and which waves its fragrant blossoms by the way side ; for many hedges are formed of this shrub, which attains considerable height when growing in a somewhat damp soil, and its supple branches bend with the wind like reeds, and are, even when exposed to a windy aspect, little injured by the storms which are disastrous to bananas, pride of India, and the paw-paw. The pure white waxen blossoms of the white oleander are very lovely, but it appears to me less fragrant than its rose-coloured sister. Red and pink of different shades and combinations are the prevailing colours, and there are lots found all over the island, now tossing their lovely clusters high above banana ridges, against a background of purest sky-blue, now standing out brightly against a patch of cedar or grey rock shadow—with, perhaps, some dark-hued natives, graceful and picturesque, at work upon the red brown clay near by, or anon marching lightly, bare-footed or straw-hatted, with sometimes a bundle on their heads like bronze caryatides—supple in

outline, and giving just the touch of humanity and colour to the peaceful scene which it needs.

Lovely Bermuda ! as one stays here the charm increases and Americans who are so difficult to satisfy come here year after year as to a haven of rest ; but the English come here rarely. Alas ! for them, for it is a place to satisfy the weary, and to renew their courage and vigour for a more active life.

Perhaps the most startling flower I have seen is the Poinsettia, flame-like, purest cardinal in colour with its flat-spreading clusters, somewhat like the head of a *huge* ragged and very single chrysanthemum or mar-



*Poinsettia
with flat spreading clusters.*

guerite, growing from the ends of bare ash-like branches in a single cluster of flaming crimson. The tree is bare and leafless, and each branch bears only one tuft of scarlet at the end. And suddenly the

tree seems to flash out into blossom unexpectedly, as if by magic. Sometimes there are a few green leaves, but when there are many green leaves there are less fine flowers. It resembles the most gorgeous autumn colouring, but it is the young fresh leaves that are coloured, and the brightest autumn tints of maple can not be compared with it. It is more the colour and texture of scarlet geraniums, but it grows into large shrubs.

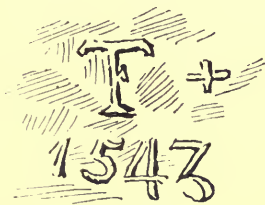


The prickly pear is found abundantly near the shore, creeping over rocks, and almost within reach of the sea-spray, and its crimson fruit is tufted with minute silky looking thorns which one is apt to ignore, and to catch hold of when the fine colour-

less prickles enter the skin and are difficult to extract. One day, in the region of Spanish Rock, a poor boy was gathering some. I had walked out to the rock, but instead of turning to the left from the little lake near to it, I went to the right, where indeed I was repaid by very interesting and wide views along the coast, and of fine rocks and tossing waves, so much so, that I sat down to sketch. I had meant to return to Brunswick House for lunch, but Nature was too bewitching, and when my sketch was finished—after a delightful hour spent on the edge of a bold rock overhanging the marvellous translucent sea—I found it was almost lunch-time, and that it was impossible to both dine and see the Spanish Rock. So I gave up the dinner and went off in search of the rock on the other side of the lake. To the uninitiated it is somewhat difficult to find. I had pictured to myself an entirely different scene, some perpendicular rock like a wall or obelisk rising sheer from the sea. There were several interesting promontories, all cedar-crowned, and there was no very distinct path so I wandered up and down over the different promontories, going at once to

'Jeffrey's Hole,' which one descends by means of a ladder and finds a curious sort of cave in the coral rock, with an interesting view seawards, and where one experiences a strange feeling of absolute seclusion from humanity.

Had I only known it, the hole was three minutes' walk from the Spanish Rock, which is directly above it. It is cedar crowned, and the inscription of 1543 appears in very large letters on the surface, also other names and dates, and it is here the Spaniards first landed, though the Islands were discovered by Juan Bermudez in 1515, from whom they take their name.



*This inscription
is supposed to have been made by the
Spaniard Ferdinand Camelo*

I wandered round for a time away beyond the targets, always getting glimpses of something interesting, but not of the rock I was in search of. At last I came upon a boy gathering prickly pears—for hitherto I had found no one to advise me where to go. First, however, he showed me how to eat the pears, for I, in ignorance had taken one in my hand which was immediately pricked in many places by the innumerable needles. He had a sharp knife which

he used to separate the pear from the stem, and then cautiously taking it by the stem and top he rolled it upon the grass until all the prickles were removed. Then he showed me how to eat the end which had been attached to the plant, and on doing this not to peel it but to suck the juice. I had taken the skin off unwarily and immediately my hands were covered with a thick crimson juice like cochineal in colour, which I had some difficulty in removing from both lips and fingers. My humble friend looked on smiling at my awkwardness, and finally escorted me to the Spanish Rock which really presents somewhat the appearance of a steep flight of steps rising from the water. When the wind is strong the waves are said to dash with considerable force against the rock, and the sea spray rises high above it. Just at the foot of the rock purple-hued, and covered with the clear green water my guide pointed out a strangely shaped coral rock in the form of spectacles. He said there was a legend that a



Spectacles at Spanish Rock

lady looking over had lost her glasses in the water, and that they had formed these curiously shaped rocks. If so

she must have been a giantess !

To reach the Spanish Rock, I took the road by Hungry Bay, and followed the coach road to St George's until St Mark's Church came in sight ; then, instead of keeping to the left, I went on past the church, and a

minute or two afterwards turned down to the Spanish Rock. There are, I believe, caves or holes not far from the church, and my friendly guide informed me that he frequently climbed down into them in search of honey bees, which were to be found in them, but that I could not well descend into them without a ladder.

Everywhere I have met with courtesy, and the easy going nature of the *coloured* people—it is not polite to say blacks—is in its way charming, provided one is not in a desperate hurry to get any thing done. But they can be quick and punctual too if they know that work *must* be done, only one must be very definite in stating the limits of time allowed for doing anything, otherwise work may be postponed indefinitely. Their voices and manners are pleasing—low-toned and melodious in many cases—and as I set about sketching, a crowd of children joined by older persons would not unfrequently assemble round me, behaving, however, much more respectfully than any similar crowd I have ever been acquainted with elsewhere and not obtruding too much, though they chattered unceasingly, and at intervals a coloured lady or gentleman passing by in a market cart or gig would pull up in the street, and remain for some time contemplating the progress of the sketch and commenting upon it, while any stray figures introduced into it were eagerly pointed out by one of the group which generally surrounded me. Dear little brown-faced children with black woolly hair, dark brown eyes and pearly teeth and grinning mouths, would come round me

like little kids ; they would scamper round when I pinched their cheeks and threatened to make a picture of them to take back to England. But as a rule they like to be sketched, and a penny or two makes them grin with delight.

While sketching one day the bamboos at Springfield, some boys were passing backwards and forwards with a donkey cart which they used for carrying weeds. Each time they passed they dismounted and stood for a little beside me, taking the greatest interest in my sketch, and one small coloured boy stood so modestly in the background for some time, that I turned to him and asked him if he wished to see the sketch better, and thus encouraged, he stood beside me and chatted away in a respectful low voice until I rose to go. He looked up at me so shyly with his brown merry eyes that he reminded me of a young fawn, and the people begin to know me quite well and smile in the most charming manner when I meet them, showing the whitest of teeth. I have never met with more respectful people of the lower orders in my life, or ones so appreciative of my sketches. I wish I had time to sketch some of my brown-skinned friends grouped so charmingly around me, with their easy, graceful ways, and soft harmonious colouring, and here the brown dresses so often worn strike one as most appropriate. The reason brown is so prevalent is owing to the sunshine and salt air, which combined, fade all dark colours to a most picturesque brown, green, or yellowish-brown shade, and Zulu hats or straw hats

added to this give the effect of the most harmonious studies in brown—white and spotted or striped blouses are also much worn. Unfortunately the European style of dress has seriously interfered with the picturesque appearance of the people, who frequently wear sailor, or other hats stuck on the top of their turbans, *i.e.*, the older women—some of whom one might almost call hideous—though others are picturesque and interesting in appearance. Many of the younger men and women have graceful, finely formed figures, and the boys in their coloured shirts and shady hat are delightfully picturesque and the little toddling children with their woolly hair, shy soft brown faces, and long eyelashes, are often very charming.

Socially, Bermuda is an attractive place, and on those who have introductions the warmest hospitality is bestowed, but Bermuda is not so gay as it used to be and the receptions are not so numerous as formerly.

The Bermudians are however very sociable, and amongst themselves there is a constant succession of social gatherings, and afternoon tea is as common here as in England. There are so many intermarriages amongst the Bermudians that to a stranger the connections appear like a genealogical network, spreading entirely round and over the islands, and one has to be careful what one says in consequence. Like all isolated places there is a large share of gossips appertaining to Bermuda and every one knows everybody else and everything relating to every one else—often indeed it is said they know more of other

people's plans and prospects than the people themselves do! Personally I have met with much kindness and hospitality.

In England we do not understand what western hospitality is, it is too closely populated, but in Bermuda and in the West Indies English visitors are scarce—indeed English ladies very seldom come here except officers' wives, etc., and those who are related to residents, and consequently when they do come they meet with remarkable kindness; and if one goes further south, friends are ready with the kindest letters of introduction to cheer one on the way, and to make one feel what a kindly place the world is, and that the genial sunshine of these Western Islands is not more cheering than the agreeable companionships one has enjoyed and the hospitable kindness one has experienced.

One peculiarity of Bermuda is that many of the gentlemen are employed in trade, and one is served in drapers' shops or grocers' by *gentlemen*, which makes it pleasant if one were not ashamed to ask for insignificant articles.

As so little news from the outside world reaches Bermuda, people think a good deal about their own surrounding, being a naturally sociable, amiable people. Therefore the human interest in Bermuda is a salient feature. Of course the coloured question here, as elsewhere, presents difficulties. For instance the white members of the cathedral choir would not sing if coloured men were allowed to do so, thereby losing much grandeur

of tone in the music, as the coloured people have often grand sonorous voices, which roll out like organ notes—in waves of sound—full of exquisite stately melody, entirely applicable for sacred music.

As artizans, the coloured people are much thought of. They make superior servants to the lower class of whites, for the latter here are not *reliable*. The superior blacks are better mannered, better trained, and often too better informed than the inferior whites. Being partly Indian and partly Negro, there is a great variety of type amongst them; but there is a sort of dignity and Arcadian courtesy about them that is very attractive and delightful.

While sketching an old fruit seller in Front Street, a large crowd as usual assembled round me, commenting upon my work, and informing my model exactly which portion of her physiognomy I happened to be working at. 'She's doin' her eyes, look there she's making a wrinkle,' or 'now she's painting her mouth, nose, etc.' These remarks were most encouraging, and the crowd certainly prevented me from feeling cold!

The other day a delightful quartette, sat near to watch me sketch, one of whom wore a Zulu hat divided rim and crown—so as to form a turban and a wide yellow collar. He sat watching me with the most roguish face, and I beguiled the quartette into remaining quiet for a little, first by showing them the sketch just completed, of a road shaded by bamboo and cedar—and then by offering them halfpence if they stayed quiet, and the honour of having their portrait carried over the sea to England

was too great to be refused, and afterwards I captured other youths in the same manner for my sketches.

Rudeness I have never met with in Bermuda, though I have wandered all round the islands. On the contrary the greatest courtesy has always greeted me.

One day I started for St George's, the road there and back by Flatt's Bridge and round Harrington Sound was full of most vivid interests. The farmers were busily at work on their farms, weeding and clearing the lily and potato fields. It is said that three crops grow here annually, and that the soil only requires to be fertilised every second year, but often not at all for some time.

The lily fields are a striking feature in Bermuda, and about Easter, boxes of these exquisite and fragrant flowers are exported to New York. Whole fields are covered as with a snowy sheet. The lilies are like Madonna lilies, with deeper tubes, and by the end of December the plants were about five inches above ground. Christmas is said to be the best time for roses, and from October on they continue to bloom luxuriantly.

St George's the former capital of the Bermudas is interesting in many ways. Its very narrow streets are quaint and primitive, and the people have a more unsophisticated kindliness of manner than in Hamilton where the constant influx of strangers has slightly formalised their behaviour.

I was fortunate in arriving just in time to catch the small ferry to St David's Island, and the men on

board were most obliging and courteous in pointing out all objects of interest. I had not time to land at St David's but touched at several points and passing through Smith's Sound reached a point just below the lighthouse. Both the manager of the ferry and a gentleman on board told me of the beauty of this island and would have showed me what there was to see upon it, but alas, I had no time to explore it then.

The view of St George's from the point directly facing it on St David's Island is very picturesque. A small island to the left, and a delightful brown-faced, white-clad man, with yellow hat and white boat bound with brown, who was fishing just beside it gave a charming bit of colour and strength of tone to the scene, set in the sparkling sapphire tinted waters, and in the distance the gleaming white-roofed houses of St George's with the fortifications rising behind them. The oldest church on these islands is at St George's. It is cruciform, but not a very interesting building ; higher on the hill-side are the more picturesque ruins of a church which was destroyed by fire.

There is a fine monkey-tree in the public garden, and the view from the Barrack Square and from the fortifications is very extensive, though of course, the horizon is always bounded by the wonderful sapphire sea. Coming back we stopped at Joyce's caves. If one does not expect something wonderful, they are interesting, but from what I have heard, the Walsingham caves are finer. Outside grew an old calabash tree, the first I had at the

time examined closely. The largest cave appeared quite dark, and we descended a ladder, carrying lighted candles, which, however, failed to give any idea of the cave.

Our guide, a picturesque brown man, with fine muscular arms and deep toned melodious voice, lighted a huge dry palmetto leaf with which he set fire to a second leaf, making a grand flame, but also alas! volumes of blackest smoke, which with repeated occurrence had so entirely blackened the fairy gothic coral ceiling, that it could, in no way, suggest the idea of that purity which was formerly its greatest wonder. The effect was picturesque indeed, however, but terribly detrimental to the beauty of the grotto.

Our guide, like a bronze statue, stretched his right hand across the deep space before us, and with his left, held the burning leaf as high as possible, and the effect was somewhat mysterious. At Joyce's caves we were really within a short distance of Moore's house, but I had not studied the map before starting, as my visit to St George's was entirely unpremeditated.

I had gone out with the intention of walking to Hungry Bay, when some people staying in Brunswick House overtook me and offered me a seat as far as they could take me. I had my sketching things with me—and, of course, I had not 'read up' the excursion or looked out the localities in the map. However, the day was lovely and the drive tempting, so I started as I was.

We came back by the other side of Harrington Sound,

a lovely drive, and saw the Devil's Hole—admission one shilling, but it is not worth that amount. It is merely a pond kept very pure and clean by underground inlets from the sea, and filled with fish which are extremely tame, and snap their mouths with great force as they stare up at one. There are some lovely 'Angel Fish' with iridescent blue-green fins, and soft, gliding motion, but these I have seen in the sea near Daniel's Head.

On our way to and from St George's we passed Flatt's bridge and village, an interesting and picturesque place, and just beside the bridge is a mahogany tree. We came home by Devonshire Church with its very ancient cedar, said to be the oldest in the islands. The church is very quaint and interesting; it has no spire or belfry. The bell is hung in the old cedar tree. At St George's, to economise time, I bought a halfpenny loaf of bread and some bananas, and these I ate as I moved through the town, thereby losing not a moment of time or fresh air, while the rest of the party were shut up in a back room of the hotel having their lunch.

CHAPTER II

CHRISTMAS IN BERMUDA



CHRISTMAS in Bermuda is much like Christmas in England. The usual excitement of the children about the advent of Santa Claus, letters written to remind him of young folk eager to receive him on Christmas morning, with greetings and information as to where presents should be placed—to save him trouble on his arrival—suggestions as to the most desired gifts—all are planned and prepared

with eager anticipation, long before Christmas Eve, and

when that day arrives, excitement increases. The weighty choice of presents for friends and relations, and the mystery attached to their concealment from the other children has all been gone through, and the last thing to be done is the decoration of the home.

Donkey carts and traps, driven by picturesque brown men and boys, go round on Christmas Eve, laden with palm leaves, palmettos, Bermuda holly, bracken, a pretty kind of sage, and a sort of down-flecked scrub—found in the marshes, and boys and girls walk, laden with fern and scrub for their homely decorations. It is difficult for a northerner to realise that it is Christmas-tide for the strong sunshine and cloudless sky, the rose-scented air, and tall hibiscus, and magnolia shrubs—so common everywhere, are in full bloom. Mid-December had been wet, and almost cool—for a few days—but now it is warm as summer time, and as I ramble off to Spanish point to sketch the sparkling sea—under the wonderful sky and verdant foliage—attired in a light cotton blouse, it seems to me more like July. The air, too is fresh and sparkling—after the cooler days—and a crisp, pure light pervades the atmosphere.

By the wayside, fields of narcissus are in bloom, and the lily tufts are rising five inches above the red-brown soil, and brown-hued men and women are at work, weeding amongst them. In the onion fields, entire families, men, women, children and babies—are at work—for even the tiniest children may be seen weeding—no doubt the odour of the onion fields has a special at-



Christmas Eve (Bermuda). Bringing in bracken for decorations

traction for them all!! so the house door is left open, and the inmates repair with one consent to the fields—which offer pleasant suggestions of home fellowship—and independent happiness, and also many interesting peeps of rural life.

It is strange to have sent off all one's Christmas letters early in December, and to have received one's Christmas letters ten days before that festival—yet so it must be if one would greet one's friends before Christmas. Such a wonderful Christmas Eve and day! and such holy, tender, moonlit nights. Surely it must have been like them nearly 1900 years ago when the shepherds watched their flocks in the fields near Bethlehem, the balmy Christmas Eve of eastern lands must be similar to *this*. And as midnight approaches and the moonlight gleams so tenderly—so purely over the white-roofed, peaceful world—one is led back in spirit with a new realisation of that night so many centuries ago, and one rises early when the sun has already poured his radiant beams through the window at half-past six o'clock—greeting one in a strange land with *such* a welcome as it is difficult for one to associate with Christmas-tide. Such perfect weather—as one leaves the house to attend the early celebration the sun is already radiant, and one feels quite warm in a white cambric blouse, with no outer wrap.

The church is all fragrant with narcissus, roses, and hyacinths—it is simply decorated. Some palm and palmetto leaves give a tropical effect, and the ivy and

Bermuda holly are the only suggestives of English decorations. The service is well attended and a number of coloured worshippers are there.

Another New Year has come. I spent a great part of the day sketching, and the weather was warm as summer.

January 2. I spent the morning sketching a coloured man—a man with such a beautiful refined face, Portuguese in all probability to a great extent, the nostril, lips, chin, and ears so delicately formed and the eyes dark and expressive. He was working in a lily field and he and I sat at the end of the field opposite the road. I sat sideways, he faced the road, and we afforded considerable entertainment to the passers by, I afterwards discovered, for Charlie always smiled when friends of his passed by. He offered me some lily roots, but I could not take them round the West Indies—then he said if I would give him my address he would send me some some day.

I made his acquaintance one day as I sat sketching from the top of a wall near his house. As usual when I sketch, a crowd—or some persons at least—came to see what I was doing, and I was struck by the very modest, deferential behaviour of this man, and with his handsome face. He stood some time looking up at me and I showed him my sketch. At last I understood his modest request, 'Would you sketch my donkey?' I said I should like to do so but would rather sketch himself, and that I wanted to take his likeness to England. So he was quite agreeable to that, and said I should find him there at any time I chose to come. He told me that

he had been in England working for Sutton the great seedsman.

The next day I meant to sketch him in the field at work, but the morning was too dark and showery and I did not go. In the afternoon, however, I passed the field on my way to pay some farewell calls ; he saw me and ran down to meet me and present me in the most graceful and modest way with a buttonhole, a rosebud and violets, which he had tied up in a leaf to keep fresh, and had brought for me at twelve o'clock. I never was more gratified with any gift. Really the people here are charming in their speech and manners. There is a natural grace and dignity about them and also, I think, a kind of sincerity.

In the morning a little coloured girl who lives near the Brunswick, and who has often watched me sketch, brought me a most fragrant bouquet of narcissus and honeysuckle, and looking up at me with her soft brown eyes, she presented them, after standing shyly by my side for a time, saying—'I thought you would like the flowers to put on your dressing-table.'

One showery Saturday afternoon I did go down to sketch the donkey, and found its owner busy carving calabashes. He brought the donkey to me and seated himself quietly before the door on the lowest step to feed his happy, well-cared for animal. I made a hasty sketch of them both, and Charlie fetched a chair for me to sit on and a board for my feet, and when a shower came on he brought me and my sketching things into

his house—so clean and tidy it was, and he is devoted to his pets. His manners were so respectful, modest, and at the same time so well trained, that I was charmed with him. He showed me all his calabashes, and on one he had really very cleverly carved two palm trees outside his door with a clothes' line stretched between them, on which, in realistic manner was hung his weekly washing. The effect was excellent and rather Japanese-looking. It was very clever and true to life. He said the palm trees were a great difficulty, so I drew them with a few simple strokes upon a sheet of cardboard which he brought out for me, and he seemed to think it would be a help.

He is a man of many interests. His fowls, his donkey, his cat and his calabashes, his garden too, and above all, his deft, respectful ways are quite uncommon. He spent more than a year with Sutton in England, gardening; he also spent three years in the United States Navy, and he has been to the West Indies and Jamaica, to Halifax and other places. Another day he presented me with roses, and showed me a large donkey he had painted himself for a game in which all who play attempt to fasten one or more tails on the donkey, blindfolded, with the result that the tail is not unfrequently fastened to the ears or neck.

I drew out from memory some designs for him which pleased him greatly and I bought a calabash as a remembrance, though indeed he wanted to give it to me. He gets 4s for large calabashes when they are finished, but it

is hard work to do them. In the evenings he has a night school where eleven boys, several of whom are Portuguese go, and he charges them twopence each for the hour they spend with him. He teaches them reading, writing, and arithmetic, and some of them get on very well. One boy had got on very rapidly indeed and so he had just said to him, 'You and I have done with each other now,' because the lad asked him questions which were too difficult to answer. I showed him a sketch which I happened to have finished that afternoon, and he said at once, 'I don't think any of them are so good as the one you did of Cedar Avenue.' I said, 'Where did you see the Cedar Avenue sketch.' 'Oh!' said he, 'I stood behind you twenty minutes when you were painting it,' and I didn't know him then. If I had I might have helped him more with his designs. He is a most intelligent man, and seemed quite sorry to think I was leaving Bermuda. Some of his criticisms too were first-rate.

The *Duart Castle* was a day late in leaving Bermuda, or in letting the passengers on board I should say, and so I had an unexpected pleasure. A friend invited me to drive with her niece to Tuckerstown to see the natural arch there. The afternoon was bright but cold and we drove round by the North shore and home by the South. The children came with us, the youngest boy wished very much to get some of the 'white water,' meaning the waves and spray which contrasted so decidedly with the blue-green water beyond.

Tuckerstown is unlike other parts of Bermuda. There

is a very picturesque harbour there and lovely little strand, which, with the fine bold grey rock hung with intensely green mangroves, would be a delightful picture. I had no time to sketch, however, that afternoon, but I greatly enjoyed the beauty of the scene. It took us about a quarter of an hour to walk down to the sand, after we left the carriage—over sand hills—where a poisonous creeper grew luxuriantly, looking very pretty, with thick green leaves and black berries—we walked over real sand dunes—with the wonderful blue sea beyond—and the pale golden sands with their soft grey shadows in the foreground. The arch is interesting but not very

striking. The view with the arch on the right, but looking towards the left at the grey green-curtained rock, impressed me infinitely more, with the bright sparkling sea bounding the horizon.

We came back by St Mark's Church passing quite near to the Spanish Rock. Quantities of life-plant was in bloom. Most picturesque it looked with its wax-like greenish flowers, red-veined, and with reddish,



M. N.

LIFE PLANT

autumn-looking leaves. The flowers often rise from three to four feet above the ground. The leaf, drawn separately, shows how young plants develop in the parent leaf, and they will grow thus when deprived of air, light, and water, throwing out rootlets even when enclosed in a letter, or shut up in a dark box. The plants will also grow when fastened to a wall by a pin. It is called the life plant because it is so strong and full of vitality.

And so, for the present at least, the account of my happy sojourn in the Bermudas must end. There still remains much to speak of—the quarries, the floating dock-yard, and the beautiful views which everywhere greet one, scenes which my constant rambles in pursuit of ‘subjects’ have rendered familiar, and which my sketches have, I hope, indelibly impressed upon my mind.

Dozens of charming incidents might be chronicled of the kindness of the Bermudians, and of their repeated invitations to sketch the view from their house or grounds, believing that they each possessed something more enchanting than what I had hitherto attempted. And as I walked through the town, strangers would invite me to visit their homes and sketch some particular view, or tree, or flower, or other possession. And the children came and gazed up in one’s face with their soft, brown eyes, and dusky skins, so friendly, yet so modestly, and their elders brought me flowers or a stool to sit on. And so on January 9, 1896, I bade them all farewell, escorted to the steamer by quite a party of kind friends, and embarked in the *Duart Castle* for the West Indies.

CHAPTER III

ST THOMAS, WEST INDIES—LAND IN SIGHT

THE cargo was large and we did not get under weigh until about half-past nine on the morning of the 10th. The *Duart Castle* anchored off Ireland Island, and a small steam tug conveyed passengers and cargo to the steamer's side. The views of Bermuda as we passed along were exquisite. The sun shone, after some days of stormy weather, and the water gleamed with all its charm of colour and transparency.

We had a stormy passage until Saturday evening—the 11th, but it did not rain, and though the waves washed over the deck at intervals, the air was decidedly warmer, and in the afternoon about 3.30 P.M., we saw the first flying fish. There was a large shoal of them—gleaming white like silver against the deep blue foam-crested waves—skimming along the surface of the water, dipping here and there and finally diving under, like tiny sea-birds, coming sometimes quite near the ship, then darting into the deep, blue waves.

It was cold—unnaturally cold in Bermuda. On the 9th we had been having fires in the *Brunswick*, and wearing our warmest clothing, glad to have it with us. On Sunday the 12th, we had returned to midsummer, and were glad once more of cotton dresses. The sea, also, was calmer, and it had been more possible to sleep at night, though one's bones ached somewhat after all the shaking of the two previous nights, and, as I had a private state-cabin, I took all the pillows and wedged myself between them to keep from being thrown from side to side. This I found answered well, and I slept soundly in consequence.

Dressing the second morning was a trial of patience, as things evaded one, and washing, and fastening one's boot-laces was a work of difficulty, accomplished, however, with sundry bumps and unexpected down-sittings in unpremeditated places, ending in success at last. But on Sunday one felt like a rational being again, and able to guide one's steps with comparative success, and even, as the day advanced, to pace the deck with some steadiness.

Jan. 13. The first land we saw was Puerto Rico, and then the long, hilly, and somewhat barren slopes of St Thomas with its adjacent islands came into sight and we sailed quite near to them. Really mountainous they are—not like lovely Bermuda which notwithstanding all its charm is flat. Then we entered the fine harbour of St Thomas at 9 A.M., feeling very unwilling to descend for even a hasty breakfast, and out again to find the

health officer coming on board, and a number of boats hailing the passengers to go ashore.

Quickly I selected a grey-haired man and was promptly taken shorewards amidst quite a throng of other boats, some of them coral laden, with various shells and tortoises, and brown boatmen. Chance led me to a shop where an intelligent looking man was standing. He directed me to go towards the road leading to the English church and then to turn up a long flight of steps towards the former governor's residence—a most picturesque staircase—of 110 stairs, very high ones they were, from the top of which I had a splendid view and was at once invited to enter a sort of private courtyard, and given a box to sit upon, and there I sketched for nearly two hours.

The harbour is encircled by hills. The red-tiled town is situated on three hills, and palm trees were growing beside the water, and I sat under the shade of a pomegranate tree fruit laden—just the near touch harmonising with the red and yellow houses, enclosed in their green gardens.

St Thomas is a delightfully picturesque place, hot as a *very hot* midsummer day, yet with a delicious breeze. The town is twice divided by two streams round which picturesque groups, often carrying water pails, poised full, upon their heads, were seen, and some women were washing in one of them. The streams, however, truth to tell, were not too delightfully clear—indeed all manner of refuse was not unfrequently deposited in them—but, with their small bridges, they were decidedly picturesque.

The quaint old streets so steep and narrow, too, reminded me of Amalfi or Capri; delightful sketches they would make, with their strong lights and shadows and irregular architecture, and bright, red tiles.

The people are like Greek statues, with lithe, strong, well-developed forms, no tight lacing, and very few under garments, showing the flowing graceful lines of their figures to the best advantage. They very frequently carry large parcels, trunks, cans of water, and baskets, as well as much smaller articles upon their heads. The women wear turbans coquettishly caught up over the left ear and some of them arranged over a small hoop—the size of the head. They often wear large, wide, straw hats as well, on the top of the turbans, and the constant practice of carrying weights upon their heads gives them a perfection of carriage not often to be seen in any country, or among any class of persons. Their broad, strong shoulders, and well expanded chests throw the figure into exactly the best position and they go along with a slow, swinging motion, never moving their arms or heads.

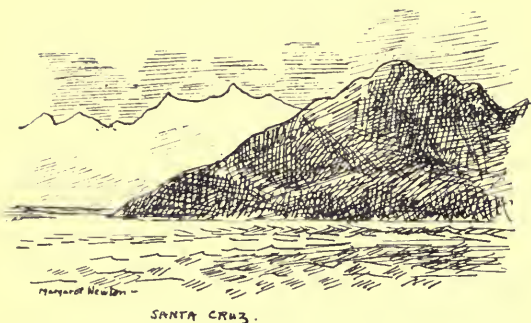
They are very polite and respectful also, and the market is a picturesque scene. All the shops and houses are arranged so as to admit as much air as possible and have large, wide, open doors instead of windows. Many of the women wear white dresses, exquisitely clean, with numerous tucks and sometimes trains. The men dispense with all unnecessary garments and a shirt and trousers with a wide hat is their favourite garb. Amongst themselves they speak a kind of Danish intermixed with

English, and most people can speak English *well*. English advertisements are posted in the shop windows and English names are common.

There is a French side and a German side of St Thomas. The island is supposed to be free from venomous reptiles, almost, if not entirely. I met a rather picturesque procession of a hay-cart followed by men and women in working-attire, marching rapidly after it. One woman had taken off her boots and carried them superbly on her head ; in the same street I met another woman bearing a large flat iron in the same fashion.

The *Duart Castle* could not anchor near the wharf, and it is said that only at Santa Lucia and Demerara she can do so. Our boatmen charged us a shilling each for landing us, and bringing us back to the ship, singly or in companies, and the *Duart Castle* took up its position for twenty hours just beside the floating dock. Since Barbadoes has become the headquarters of the Royal Mail steamers, the prosperity of St Thomas' has waned considerably, as this island in former days was a sort of emporium for all the other islands, and the regular coming of mail steamers brought money to this island.

Jan. 14. At 6 o'clock A.M. the familiar clanking of the chains and the noise of the screw began again, and the sun soon after rose, shortly after we looked our last at the lovely harbour of St Thomas. Then St John came in sight, with Virgin Gorda faintly discerned in the distance on the right, and Bique on the left. It was a lovely morning, and we had scarcely left St Thomas,



indeed it was still a distant object, veiled in mist, when we came in sight of Santa Cruz, or Saint Croix, often written the latter but generally named the former. As we came nearer, the high hills, with their strong, clear, yet varied outline looked very beautiful, more so than those which appear behind the town of Santa Cruz. Both Santa Cruz and St Thomas are Danish, and there is a certain element of the foreign which lends an additional charm, though indeed nearly everyone understands and speaks English more or less well.

As usual, we anchored at a little distance from the town, and I engaged a boat with two men—and steered—for the modest sum of one shilling there and back, for it was really a good pull, the sea being somewhat rough. The town lies at the most sloping side of the highest hill and is rather flat, with streets dividing it almost always at right angles. There are a number of sugar canes which

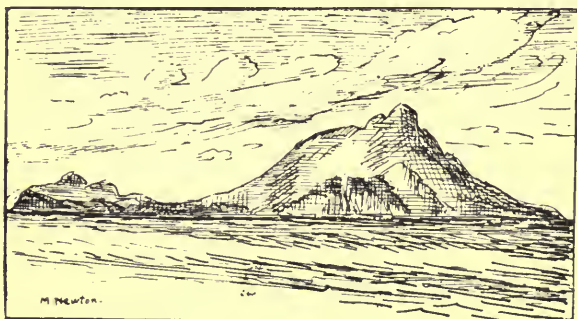
strike one at once ; they are such a wonderful, vivid, spring-like green. Here, too, quantities of cocoa palms, tamarinds and other tropical plants grow—and the streets are remarkable for their arcades, and for the red and yellow colours with which the houses are painted. There are *no* chimneys to the houses, and the only fires are something like scaldini or braziers; they are called coal-pots and may be seen outside many of the houses, or under the arcades.

The Santa Cruzians are excellent laundresses but they work slowly, and the women who iron do not wash, and those who wash do not iron—they are afraid of rheumatism. One peculiarity of their work is, that it is all very well stiffened—to make it cooler they say.

The waves rush in with considerable force upon the shore, and one has to get quickly from the boat to the landing place, where one is greeted by pleasant boys anxious to 'guide' one. This, however, is quite unnecessary in Santa Cruz. One soon finds what is most picturesque, and there are no actual 'sights' though all is new to the visitor, and the shore entirely strewn with conch shells, is a striking sight ; quantities of coral is also washed ashore and I picked up some nice pieces in the space of a few minutes. The sugar plantation is an interesting sight. As I sketched numbers of people crowded round me, and I might have had any number of charming and most respectful models. When I rose to go, I found that a crowd as large as would have filled a small concert hall surrounded me on three sides so I

showed them my sketch and then started to explore accompanied by a troupe of small brown boys who escorted me round the town, and along the beach to the boat which was to convey me to the ship.

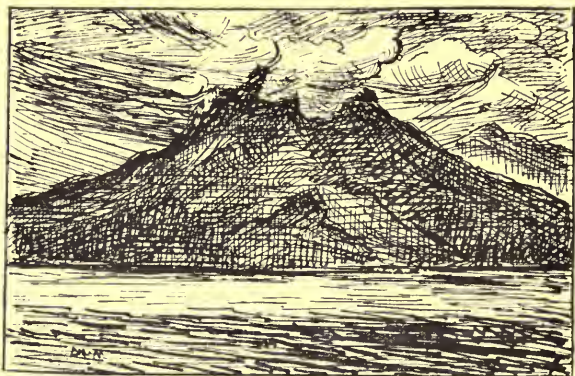
There was a farewell service going on, for a Moravian clergyman, who was leaving the island, in one of the churches, and the people trooping towards it had a homely, peaceful, picturesque appearance. The church was devoid of window-glass, it had large shutters which were wide open, also three doors on different sides, and all the shops are built in the most airy manner. On one side of the island there is a long strand, and on this side the island is quite flat. From the sea the general hue of the houses and bricks appears a sort of buff colour.



S. Eustatius

S. KITTS

Shortly after 6 A.M., Saba appeared in sight cone-shaped—but somewhat enveloped in haze and soon afterwards



S. Kitts, Mount Misery 4000 ft.

we had a good view of S. Eustatius, a small island, which like S. Kitts, Saba and Nevis is cone-shaped and resembling a volcano—Mount Misery, 4000 feet high, as we approached it looked wild and mysterious, cloud-capped, with a shower about to descend, and on one side a rainbow. It is a grand looking mountain—rising steeply from the sea on the side furthest from Basseterre, and well cultivated until within a short distance of the summit. Basseterre as its name implies is built on low ground. Its houses are poor but picturesque and there are no chimneys in them. Public bake-houses and coal-pots are used which are just large enough to hold one large saucepan at a time.

The cooking is done in the open air and in one back yard I found a woman just removing a large three-

legged pot from the fire containing the family dinner which consisted of pork, rice and other ingredients. In turn, another woman proceeded to put on a large saucepan of toffee which she afterwards poured out into wooden squares to cool. One peculiarity of the young people *i.e.*, under 11, is that some of them walk about in a state of nature, some of them wearing caps or bangles as a variation. As a rule however they don some scanty garment, except when performing their ablutions which act is generally a public one, and the babies and smaller boys rarely wear anything except a short pinafore or scanty shirt. I met several most picturesque bronze boys about eight or ten thus attired, or unattired—perhaps one might say—carrying small pails of water to and from the springs with their small arms raised to steady their pails.

Basseterre has a poorer aspect than the other two islands, but it is full of picturesque scenes and almost exempt from venomous reptiles. Here also as in the northern West Indian Islands, the thermometer rarely changes from about 80° all the year round. Here the vegetation appears wonderful to northern eyes, and in the public park near the market square there is a grand banyan tree and many other interesting tropical trees and flowers. The church of St Thomas is a fine building and has an interesting square tower. In its churchyard Sir Thomas Warner is buried. Here the cocoa-nut palm grows very luxuriantly, and cocoa-nuts meet the eye at every turn. Sugar-canes grow here

also and are much used by the people. Even babies are given small slices to suck, and they say that a drink of sugar water sustains a workman all the morning until his mid-day meal.

The most picturesque side of Basseterre is to the right on landing, and there is a nice walk along the shore, which is composed of very fine gravel or coarse sand. The square has a row of palm trees planted round it, and the market square, a little distance from the church, on the farther side is a picturesque place. A sandy road, not looking much like a public way, led me past the backs of some old shingled houses built on four legs, and with numerous openings to admit air on all sides but no glass. Here I saw strange and curious scenes—babies seated with solemn little faces with their legs crossed before them on the ground, wearing either a pinafore or tiny shirt and nothing else, never crying or irritable. Of course an immense crowd collected round me when I began to sketch a woman carrying water, but the scene was delightful and I endured the crowd.

It was just mid-day and the sun blazed with tropical ardour, which added not a little to the fatigue of sketching. The people chattered away to each other, sometimes a sort of patois, at other times a foreign-sounding English, not so good as at St Thomas. I went on to see the botanical gardens which are new, and although they have some interesting plants, they are not at present in very good order.

Here as usual the charge for landing and returning to



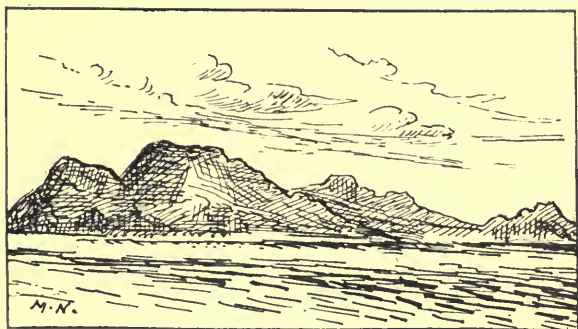
A Water Carrier. St Kitts

the ship was a shilling, and indeed it was a good pull for two men, but the people here are very poor.

We reached St Kitts at 8.15 A.M., and it was amusing to see the speed with which the picturesque lighters came out in full sail to the ships trying to reach it first, and it seemed as if we were besieged by Vandals! so vehemently did the poor brown men endeavour to get employment, and so eagerly did they clamber on deck; it was a most picturesque and interesting sight. At 2.45 P.M., we sailed for Antigua having a fine view of St Kitts from the sea and of the noble slopes and summit of Nevis which we ran round, an interesting island—where Lord Nelson lived for some time and was married—and which we caught a last sight of flooded in the rays of the setting sun.

We reached Antigua about 9.30 P.M., and the cargo was unloaded at once. As the *Duart Castle* was already late, the captain decided to go on at 2.30 A.M. to Dominica, so the passengers had no opportunity of seeing this island where the bishop resides. The island, however, from a picturesque point of view is said to be less interesting than most of the islands, so we did not so greatly regret missing it. The steamer anchored some distance from the wharf, and afterwards sailed completely round the island—the outline of which remained for some hours visible—a long undulating line.

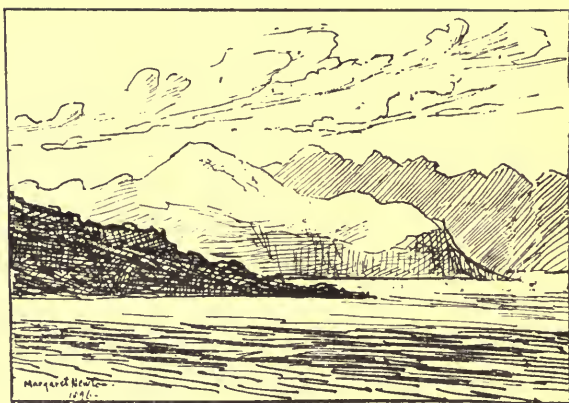
We passed about midway between Antigua and Montserrat the latter an interesting-looking island, famous for its limes, and soon caught sight of Guadeloupe, thickly



MONTSERRAT

covered with trees and finely-shaped mountains, range behind range. The outline full of breaks and creeks and valleys, ever varying and full of interest, and of considerable extent, comprising much grandeur of form in such narrow limits. Cloud capped, and austere beautiful when seen wrapped in purple cloud shadows, yet covered with lovely vegetation, which gleams out at intervals as the sunshine falls upon them, it is not greatly cultivated or largely inhabited, yet possesses natural beauty of a high order.

Before we had passed Guadaloupe, Dominica came in sight, with Maria Galante, a small island to the left. As we came nearer, the forms grew grander, and ever more and more wild and rugged—more sublime and varied in shape. It is impossible in words to describe the beauty of all the varied scenes which passed before us as the steamer all too swiftly ran past vision after vision of entrancing beauty: range behind range, and peak behind peak, cone-shaped, with deep, sharp clefts, and valleys,



GUADALOUPE

ledges, valleys and strange indentations everywhere, clothed to the highest summit in tenderest verdure.

On one side the setting sun sank glowing in the waves, leaving bars of crimson hue above the horizon line, and the clear, mellow light brought out every crevice, and every tiny valley, with all their countless lights and shades as we approached Roseau—exquisitely situated, —picturesque in appearance. A mountain stream bounded it on the north side. Red tiled houses. Palm trees everywhere. A fine French Catholic cathedral with spire pointing heavenwards. Behind, superb hills and mountains tower, and the blue sea rolls upon a shingly shore, where fishing boats with unfurled sails move seawards and the golden sky gleams over all.



DOMINICA

It was almost six when the health-officer came on board and the dinner-bell had rung, but it was a last chance of seeing a little of this charming spot, and hailing the first boat which came alongside, I sped over the tranquil water with four black boatmen. The scene which awaited me was charming—picturesque fisher-folk assembled on the pier with many proffers of guidance, ‘What can I do for you, Miss?’ etc. etc. I was the only passenger to land, as we had only two hours at Dominica, and the dinner-hour prevented many from coming ashore. However, with dinner or without it, I could not refrain from making a dive at least into this lovely village.

I took the road to the right along the water’s edge, where many picturesque figures were grouped together bowing to me as I passed about amongst them in the

twilight. Beyond was the golden sky and gleaming waters, and the good ship *Duart Castle* at rest. Turning into the quaint old market-square with all its picturesque rough stone houses, and wooden-work verandahs, and open doors and window spaces, I walked diagonally across it, and soon found myself beside the English church with its four stately palms in front of it, two on each side like the grey pillars of a portico. I went a little way along the bridle path leading to the mountains, then retracing my steps I came back by the French Catholic church, and took a succession of turns and twists through the streets which are set at right angles so that at intervals one can get glimpses of distant hills on one side, and on the other side the sea.

Many of the streets run up directly from the beach, and nearly all contain a narrow stream flowing down the centre. Many were the picturesque bits of houses, and most interesting were the glimpses of humanity I saw, but alas! darkness had come down, and my solitary visit to this West Indian village—once a cannibal island—came to an end. Everywhere I met with courtesy, and I was enchanted with the beauty of all I saw. Coming back the boatmen spoke French to me, and they speak it much better than English. I paid a shilling as usual to land. The highest peak is Mount Diablotin, 5314 feet high. In the channel between Dominica and Guadeloupe Rodney's great victory over the French was won on Aug. 12, 1782.

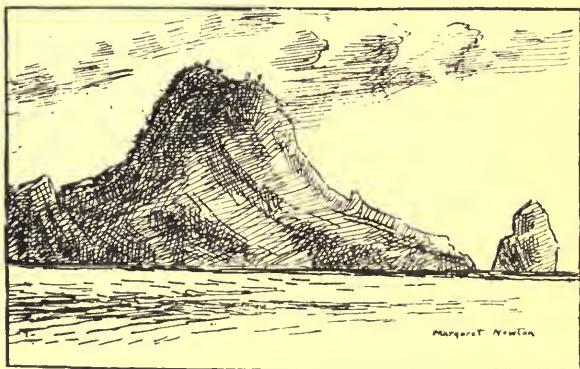
CHAPTER IV

MARTINIQUE

JAN. 17. At 6 A.M., we came alongside of Martinique and at seven, or a little earlier, we landed in the island. It is a most picturesque and interesting place. The market and fountain just beside the landing place first impressed me, and then turning along the old main street next the shore for some distance, I soon found myself beside the mountain river where women, men, and boys, were engaged in washing. Men stepped down from the road into the stream and washed themselves, while small boys sported themselves in Nature's raiment, and older ones washed garments by beating them against the stones. Then I passed on by the square where the Empress Josephine's bust is placed, to the beautiful Botanical Garden with its wonderful vegetation, magnificent palms, basiliers, curtains of blue-purple convolvulus and other grand creepers.

The *fer-de-lance* snake is said to be the curse of Martinique and St Lucia. I did not see any and my black

guide, who spoke French, told me there are not many now. The steep twisting streets of Martinique are extremely picturesque. Rapid streams from the mountains flow down all of them, directly into the sea, and into these streams all refuse and filth is cast every morning. They are in reality open drains, and no private ones are connected with the houses. This seems horrible, and yet there are few bad smells, even in the poor streets.



DIAMOND ROCK. MARTINIQUE.

Martinique is the most foreign of the towns we visited and the French characteristics are plainly shown there. The women wore very clinging clothes and their heads tightly bound in turbans. I found them very polite and kindly as I roamed about alone amongst them, and if I had had time I should have sketched some of them. At 11 A.M., we passed the Diamond Rock, which rises perpendicularly from the waves, 574 feet high.

Here Admiral Sir Thomas Hood, serving under Rodney, determined to 'beard the lion in his den' and hoist the British flag in the very faces of the French. How they ascended the rock is uncertain, but probably the sailors did so from the shipyards of a sloop of war, provisions and ammunition for the crew were hoisted up and the cutting which appears at one side of the rock is the spot where the guns were said to have been placed, and the English flag was flying before sunset, and the Diamond Rock registered in the naval records, while Hood's brave crew fired at all French vessels that passed within reach. In the end, however, they were starved out.

SANTA LUCIA

Santa Lucia has recently been made a coaling station, and this will no doubt make it a more flourishing town as years go on. This island is rather dreaded on account of the terrible *fer-de-lance* snake which still haunts the woods and grass and is common in the island. In all probability the snake would get out of one's way, but then there is always the chance that one might strike or touch it accidentally, and one would never repeat the experiment, as the result is almost always fatal. The only possible remedy is ammonia or whisky, which if taken in sufficient quantities and at once, counteracts the evil. While the venom continues to work the spirit has apparently no effect; and until the cure begins one feels no effect from it and often about a quart may be drunk before any result is attained.

The situation of Castres is very beautiful at the foot of hills in its deep, enclosed harbour. Of course the coal somewhat detracts from the picturesque aspect of the town as the steamer approaches the wharf. Here and at Demerara alone is the steamer enabled to land passengers directly on the wharf. A gentleman on board who knew these islands assured me that sketching was perfectly safe except in the woods, so directly the health-officer had left, I sprang ashore and walked at once up the steep hill at the back of the town towards Fort Mahon crossing on my way a small river. The houses are generally built of wood, shingled on the roof, and sometimes on some of the sides. The houses of the poor are raised about a foot above the ground. No windows are used, but large apertures are left to admit the passage of air, and the family arrangements and occupations are plainly visible to passers-by, and some of the domestic scenes are entertaining and primitive. The road I followed wound round and round up a steep hill. A number of picturesque scenes disclosed themselves as I ascended, including the coloured people who passed up and down generally bare-foot and carrying bundles upon their heads, so carefully balanced and so exquisitely poised that even the descending motion did not apparently unsteady them. The women's heads were tightly bound with turbans, and they, more frequently than the men, carried burdens. One graceful little girl, about sixteen apparently, walked beside me and began in the most simple way to ask me questions, where I came from, etc. She asked me if I

wanted her for a servant—and indeed she was a nice tidy little person, one might have found a worse handmaid—or if I knew anyone that wanted one.

As the steamer only spent two hours and a half at Santa Lucia, I could, of course, do nothing; so she walked along beside me to her home, which was beautifully situated on the hillside, shaded by cocoanut palms and commanding an extensive view. I walked a little higher and then, enchanted with so vast a scene of beauty, selected a 'point' and seated myself at a bend in the road to sketch. Cocoanut palms, bread-fruit trees and bamboos, rose tier above tier in front of me, and up the steep and winding path, men and women and children, or sometimes a light cart or carriage wound, and the country people stopped to watch me as they passed, but here their behaviour was respectful and they did not crowd too near me. One small boy, aged six, raced up and down the hill, while his elder sister and a baby stood behind me. As I worked, a lovely little humming-bird darted in and out amongst some branches by my side, and pale green butterflies flew about.

The town itself is flat and somewhat poor looking at present. It is also very hot being so enclosed, though up on the hill side the air is delicious, and the road is shaded by tall trees on every side. One catches glimpses of the sea far down below, and of the distant mountains with lovely valleys and wooded hill-tops—and here and there dwelling houses with wide verandahs dotted amongst them. In the town, people were enthusi-

astically playing tennis in a public square, shaded by fine old trees.

The scene at the wharf was most diverting before we left. Several boys dived for coppers and they had some fine scrambles on the wharf. Women also were standing there with cakes, and fruit, and sweetmeats to sell. A great, strong, burly woman, set her foot upon a penny and kept it there for a good minute while a crowd of men and boys attempted to wrest it from her. They were not to be beaten by a woman though, and they seized her oranges whereupon she set about her with her fists, and sent one man spinning into the water, and another fell on a small raft by its side. Of course, a ducking mattered very little to these youths to whom swimming is a second nature, and the sea was warm, and but two fell from the wharf. But the scrambling and the appearance of the woman and the youths sent us all into peals of laughter. Many of the woman's oranges had been seized in the scuffle, and there she was shaking her fists at the aggressive youths, and knocking a few of them down when they ventured to take her property.

A boat of musicians came out and played very nicely as we started, concluding with the familiar strains of 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'God save the Queen.'

At Santa Lucia many of the people speak French or a mixture of French and English, though, of course, English is the language of the island, though not so distinctly so as French is of Martinique. We started shortly after 5 P.M., and soon after six the peak of the

nearest Piton appeared in the distance. As we approached, one peak rose behind the other with majestic crags towering sheer out of the sea. The sun had set and it was, alas, almost dark when we came alongside, but their outline was distinctly seen with the mainland beyond. And very mysterious and awe-inspiring they appeared in the stillness of the night.

BARBADOES

Jan. 18. We reached Barbadoes at 11.20 A.M., a flat island, surrounded by coral reefs, compact in form, and less picturesque than the others, from the sea at least. The fine harbour on the lee side of the island, where ships of all nations float, and which has recently been made the head-quarters of the Royal Mail steamers, possesses an interest of its own, however. Barbadoes is the most enterprising of the West Indian islands. Bridgetown, the capital, possesses fine shops. The air is said to be very salubrious, and the island contains many picturesque scenes and interesting studies of human nature; but the crowd of boatmen who threatened to bombard the steamer was ruder and rougher than any crowd I had seen in the western hemisphere. However, the policemen of Barbadoes—coloured men—are a host in themselves, and a harbour policeman selected a boat for me with nicely mannered men. My four men rowed me ashore in the *Louise* at fine speed, and were ready to take me back to the ship at the hour I had appointed.

Once on shore I found the people very courteous.

Being alone I had many offers of guidance which I declined, and inquired of the policemen, who were most helpful and kindly. At Messrs Da Costa's I found a nice bundle of letters awaiting me and was politely invited inside their office to read them. Then I proceeded to the post office in 'Trafalgar Square,' a fine new building, posted my letters and stood outside for some time, admiring the busy crowd which passed to and fro. It was market day, and all down one of the principal streets a crowd (of women chiefly), were carrying sweets and fruit and vegetables, etc., etc., upon their heads. Some were seated by the roadside, and slices of strange and curious fruits were offered me for sale. It was an extremely picturesque crowd, the women wearing clean print dresses, generally white or almost colourless, with coloured turbans, and their wares carried in trays or wooden coffers on their heads. In 'Trafalgar Square' crowds of mules and donkeys were standing with carts, and the tramway for Hastings starts from there with mules to draw it and coloured conductors. The road to Hastings is very picturesque, and the women hurrying to and fro on market day, with their dresses often tucked up to their knees, were bustling and active. One passed also a number of their houses and obtained glimpses of the blue sea with its golden sands. The roads in Barbadoes are limestone and the tramway is covered with asphalt. The atmosphere and colour are like Bermuda.

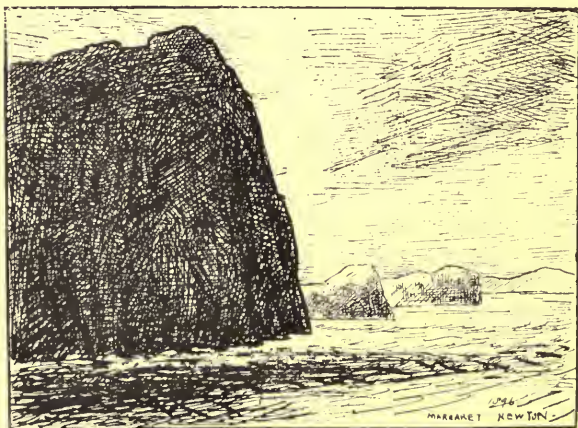
Jan. 19. Leaving Barbadoes about 6 A.M., we reached Trinidad in about twenty-four hours. It was a very hot

morning and the distance from the steamer to the Port of Spain was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, too far to go backwards and forwards much or to get a good sketch from the ship. I was very tired and did not go ashore, though kind friends to whom I had an introduction came out to see me at 7 A.M., and invited me to stay at their house during my entire visit in Trinidad: such is West Indian hospitality. At about 4 P.M., we sailed for Demerara, the last point of our journey, about 36 hours' sail. The views of Trinidad were very fine, the grand conical forms of the exquisitely wooded mountains often fringed on the sea-side with palm trees, ever varied in form and distance. Several small islands belonging to Trinidad with miniature peaks were passed, and the ship sailed through a narrow passage between Huevos and Monos, and shortly before we entered it we had our first glimpse of South America in the far distance. About 36 hours' sailing brought us to the mouth of the Demerara River. The ship rolled more than she had done during the entire fortnight I had been on board, and as we approached the Guiana Coast the water had a muddy appearance, very unlike the clear blue Gulf Stream and the blue waters of the Carribean Sea.

CHAPTER V

DEMERARA

AT 11.30 A.M., we reached Demerara, South America, very different in appearance to any of the other places we had called at. Everything here is so absolutely flat,



From the Bocça. Island near Port of Spain, South America in the distance

and yet the landing possessed considerable interest. Here for the second time, the steamer came alongside the wharf, at Georgetown, Demerara.

Jan. 21. Georgetown is an easy town in which to find one's way, as all the streets are parallel. There are trams running all round the market, many of them start from the market, and the market clock is one of the first sights which the visitor to Demerara sees. The market itself being one of the most interesting sights of the place.

Kind letters had been written about me to some friends, and after lunch I walked up to see them, and was very kindly received by them in a charming West Indian house with wide verandahs and airy rooms opening into each other, and a garden outside where cocoanut palms and mangoes grew.

Mangoes to look at, are like gigantic plums, with somewhat of the delicate colouring of a peach. First I was taught to eat them (no easy matter), and then I saw the trees they grew upon. They look something like plums attached to immensely long stems, and there are several kinds, a larger and a smaller sort, the latter being more stringy. They are very good to eat.

Then afternoon tea was brought in, and very nice it tasted after a hot walk in tropical heat, and then Mrs G—— and I started by tram from Camp Street with a transfer, to the Botanical Gardens, where we walked about amongst palm trees, while the band of the British Guiana Militia

LIFE IN THE TROPICS

discoursed sweet music, and the élite of the town drove round the park and sat in their carriages to listen, while children and nursemaids seated themselves in the magic circle, attired in whitest summer raiment, or walked upon the grass.

The gardens are comparatively new. They are very well kept, trim and orderly, but at present they are too young to be quite as interesting as a tropical garden ought to be. However, time soon mends such matters in the tropics.

We visited the orchid houses, and saw the beautiful *cattleya lebeats*, a dream of beauty in its exquisite amethystine and purple shades, so lovely in form and colour. The houses were merely partly shaded with palm leaves; of course no glass or artificial heat was needed, merely shade and water, and quantities of the lovely eucharis lily was growing there, besides crotons and palms of many different kinds.

Near the entrance to the gardens is a fine avenue of royal palms, and the size and grandeur of the palms here is very striking. Coming back we passed houses of different kinds, the coolie dwellings, square wooden buildings with shingled roofs raised on four posts from the ground, or the wide verandahed and more spacious mansions of the well-to-do, and every where a most varied stream of humanity swept past—Chinese coolies, negroes, Mulattos, Indians and English—Spanish too, and the inhabitants of many countries. We passed the law courts and saw the fine statue of Queen Victoria

in front of them, and at 6.10 P.M. I returned to the ship glad to rest and write up my journal, and glad also to find a berth to lie in, as nearly all the rooms in the hotels and boarding-houses on shore were full owing to the presence in the river of the Royal Mail steamer.

Jan. 22. I rose at 6 A.M. and went first to the market where an interesting scene met my eyes. Coolies, Chinese, negroes and whites all mingled. Small brown children with arms decorated with bangles sported, unclad, round the stalls ; cockatoos and parrots chattered ; and strong negresses laid down the law, which if necessary they enforced with their powerful fists ! Boat loads of plantains were unloaded at the wharfs, and the bright sunlight caught the sails as they were quickly furled by the side of the swift flowing river, with tawny-coloured water. Exquisite in tone when contrasted with the dark brown coolies and still blacker negroes, were the creamy sails and morning haze joined and connected by the bright green plantain clusters, and the brilliant light and purple shadows.

Yams, bread-fruit, squashes, pineapples, custard apples, star apples, mangoes of different kinds, bananas, pepper, limes and oranges, besides many other fruits and vegetables strange to northern eyes were there.

There are several kinds of mangoes, and the coolies merely rub them round in their hands until they are soft and then suck the juice. The choicest kinds are delicious in flavour, but even when a knife and fork are used it is an ungraceful fruit to eat owing to the very large stone in the centre and the extreme juiciness of the fruit.

The mango bears two crops of fruit in the year and is so nutritious that people could live upon it. Buck yams are generally used instead of potatoes. 'Irish' potatoes will not grow here, and one tires of sweet potatoes. Buck yams are like a mixture of the two, and are very good to eat. Limes are very much used and a squeeze of lime is used with fish, fowl, curry, soups and indeed with nearly everything at table. They are about the size of a plum, and more delicate in flavour than a lemon; they are also a neater size to place upon the table. Pepper is also very much used, gathered freshly from the plant.

The custom in the West Indies is to have an early cup of coffee at 6.30 A.M., then to go out to walk or shop. All the shops open about 7 o'clock, some at 6 o'clock A.M. Then a substantial breakfast is prepared about 10 A.M., with fish, meat, potatoes, preserves and fruit, with coffee or tea, or sometimes porridge—then more work is done and a light lunch is partaken of between 1 and 2 o'clock. Afternoon tea is a great institution in Georgetown, and is common in every house, dinner is generally about 7 or 7.30. P.M. I cannot say too much for the hospitality and courtesy of the Demerara people. Letters of introduction established one directly amongst friends, and they vied with one another in kindness, and in their hospitality, taking me about and showing me all they thought might interest me most. The houses also are charming, with wide verandahs, and often shady gardens or courtyards, which, on my visit were remarkable for

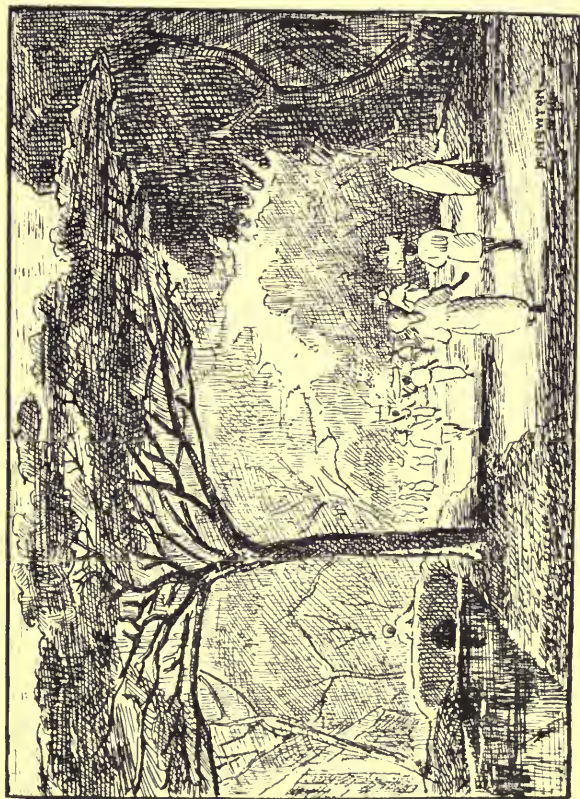
the beautiful clusters of mangoes which shaded the verandah, and the great wooden cistern which held the rain supply. My friends asked me to spend a night with them and I sketched a coolie woman, whose husband kept the garden tidy, and watched her from the verandah wash her two small boys in the stream which flowed through the garden. This task was accomplished in public as is common among coolies, and then the small brown urchins skipped about the yard, or trundled a hoop until the sun dried them, after which a small shirt was put upon each, their hair combed—their bangles were never removed—so their toilet was complete! Their mother attired herself in all her jewellery, with nose rings, ear rings, armlets, and anklets, and seated



herself under the mango tree in the cool courtyard—with the two small boys playing round, for me to sketch.

Afterwards I made the acquaintance of an extremely tame parrot at breakfast, 'Corita,' a wise bird, which walked round the breakfast table, helping herself to whatever she liked from our plates in turn. Pets of all kinds are very common in the West Indies and Demerara.

Corita only lived in her cage at night, and in the day-time flew about the room and perched upon the back of her young mistress' chair. Later in the day I visited the New Anglican Cathedral, a fine building in the inside but the exterior is very ugly and resembles a galvanised iron church. The present Bishop is said to be a very eloquent man. At present the church bells are hung on two curious banyan trees in a square of grass outside the church, round which in the shade groups of picturesque coloured youths reclined. At 12 high noon, I seated myself to sketch in the centre of Main Street by the side of the trench, which is being filled up as the water was not flowing it became stagnant, and was considered unwholesome. The trench will be turned into a promenade when filled up. The chief feature of the streets in Demerara is their width. They are like very wide boulevards with trenches in the centre crossed by bridges and shaded with mangoes, samans and sometimes palm trees. The lotus lily and the Victoria Regia grow upon many of them and the enormously wide flat tray-like leaves of the latter lily were beautifully green. Wherever the water is covered by them it does not become stagnant. Artists in Demerara are rather



The Main Street, Demerara

uncommon, and so great was the excitement produced by my work, and so large the crowd assembled round me, rendering it almost impossible for me to see the street I was trying to sketch, that two policemen marched up and drove the crowd away and then stood beside me for protection, such fine reliable brown men with their white coats and caps. It was a great relief, as a Demerara crowd of scantily attired and much-heated humanity, however picturesque, is best studied from a greater distance, not at high noon without any protection of umbrella. A little village we drove to about six miles from Georgetown is a most picturesque place. The road there, a finely constructed one, led through marsh lands, showing on one side a coolie settlement, and sugar estates in the distance, and not far on the other side is the sea. The village church first meets the eye, and then the busy village street with its trenches on either side and bridges across to each house, with its picturesque groups of coloured men and women, and their burdens of fruit and vegetables upon their heads, wearing fresh well-starched print dresses, was a pleasant sight to see, quaint and primitive and harmonious.

The sea wall is the favourite resort for children, and in one afternoon every week, the band plays there and carriages with fashionably dressed people drive past or wait, seated in their carriages to hear the music of the militia band. Around are cocoanut palms, luxuriant and bearing enormous clusters of fruit and the sea breeze is cool and refreshing even in hot weather.

At the extreme distance from the sea wall in the far side of Georgetown is the Chinese quarter where Chinese and Japanese shops are seen and wares are sold. Of course sugar is the staple commerce of Demerara and the sugar estates are an interesting sight. January is not a good time of the year to see the process of sugar making as it usually stops at this season while the canes are growing.: The factories are very large and the sugar canes are brought by means of a canal to the factory.

Thousands of coolies are employed in connection with these sugar estates, and if they remain ten years their return passage is paid for them to East India. They are a picturesque and intelligent people and painstaking, but not nearly so powerful as the blacks who despise their weaker brethren. A black can do twice as much work with less exertion to himself than a coolie.

Demerara is an interesting place and has electric light, both in the streets and houses ; its people are fashionably dressed and the shops are good. The museum, just beside the post office is well worth seeing and the superintendent most kindly told me many interesting facts about the natural history of British Guiana. The Essequibo river where the penal settlement is, is said to be very beautiful, and also the grand Roh-remi mountains, 9000 feet, in the interior, some of which have grand red quartz battlemented summits, like a city set on a hill. The superintendent showed me a tiny frog about the size of a sixpence discovered by him and called by his name. It was so tiny that it looked like a chip of coal or pitch

until turned on its back. The underside was spotted black and white and the little creature was so exquisite and neatly formed it seemed to be a tiny model of enamel.

He showed me also the deadly rattlesnake in its cage, which, when provoked, rose with glaring eyes and quick darting tongue, rattling loudly with its tail, and precipitated itself with the whole weight of its body against the side of the cage, looking most venomous, and if the hand which struck the cage had not been separated from those deadly fangs by a double grating it would never have moved again. He told me that venomous snakes are blunt nosed, but that unless molested there is really little to be feared from them, and that in point of fact the tales told about these and other poisonous reptiles of the tropics are largely exaggerated. Another large and harmless snake I held in my hand, and it wound itself round my arm. It was brown diagonally striped with black, and quite harmless with small flat head. He showed me a strange bird, peculiar to Guiana which when unfledged has claws attached to the end of its wings to cling to the trees which it loses when mature, but the breast retains a hooked shape and is used to push itself along by.

So many were the interesting things contained in the museum that although I ran to the wharf, which was nearly opposite the Post Office, I found that the *Duart Castle* had already begun to move. However, it took a little time to get under weigh and fortunately a small boat was handy which I jumped into, and the ladder was lowered for me and I found myself on deck. I had

a narrow escape from being left behind, which would have been awkward as all my possessions were on board and I should have had to wait a month for another steamer of the same line. At Demerara many of the roads are a most picturesque terra-cotta colour formed of clay, burnt roughly into a kind of brick; it makes very even firm roads.

Before leaving my kind friends brought me a beautiful basket of mangoes which were fully appreciated by others as well as myself on board ship, and a few minutes before 11 A.M., on the morning of the 24th, we were off for Trinidad.

CHAPTER VI

TRINIDAD

JAN. 26 and 27. On the evening of Sunday 27, at 10 P.M., we once more reached the gulf of Paria. By the light of an almost full moon we passed the Bocca of the Dragon's mouth and the effect was grand and impressive. Kind friends met me with a sailing boat and brought me ashore, and with a brief question at the Custom House as to whether I had cigars or scent or Florida water, they let me pass without examination. In the afternoon we took the tram to the Queen's Park, and walking round by Belmont returned another way.

I had my first sight of the cacao growing with its beautiful scarlet, orange and pale golden fruit and its glossy green leaves, and above it forest trees, blazing vermilion of the *Bois immortelles* or *Madre di cacao*, so named because under its shadow the cacao attains to the greatest luxuriance, and wherever this tree grows is said to be the most suitable soil for the culture of the cacao or cocoa plant.

Truly the vegetation of Trinidad is wonderful. Ferns of the most delicate and luxuriant kinds met the eye on every side. A graceful arum lily unfolded its snowy green-lined cup by the way side, and oranges bent gold laden boughs across the pathway, sheltering the wooden hut of a dark-hued proprietor.

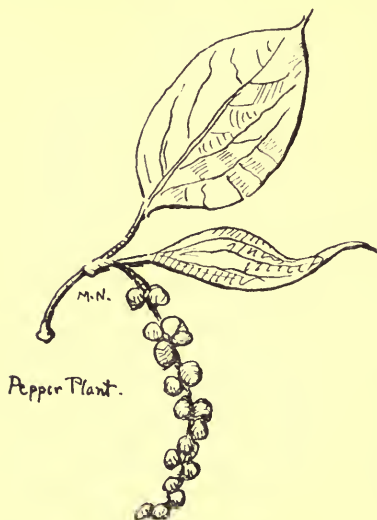
We passed a farm where Ma-nanny the Obeah man was at work, and I was introduced to him and shook hands with him. Formerly, his power over the natives was so great, that a good deal of difficulty was caused by it, and he was imprisoned, and is now unable to exercise his power, though there is still, doubtless, some remains of superstition attached to him. His hands were very strangely contorted, which probably enhanced the power of the spells.

Jan. 28th. We started soon after seven o'clock, and walked through the Queen's Park to the Botanical Gardens, situated by the side of Government House. Here, indeed, one was impressed by the magnitude of the forest trees, especially, perhaps, of the saman and sand-box trees. The former especially, with its grand wide-spreading arms, from which parasites of all kinds trailed ; wild pines hung attached to cord-like rootlets in mid-air, while cacti, ferns, and orchids grow high in air.

The wonderful luxuriance of the gardens, and their exquisite situation at the mountain's base with the wide Savannah separating them from the Port of Spain, is something to dream about.

There one finds the nutmeg with orange coating of

mace, the pepper and vanilla creepers, the latter climbing



close to the tree. The coffee plant, with its scarlet berry, and the most beautiful ferns and flowering forest trees and the cool shade beneath them, even under a tropical sun, was delicious.

Mr Q—— of Demerara had given me an introduction to the superintendent of the gardens, who showed me a small collection of snakes, ants, and the

tarantula spider. The ants fed on rose leaves which they allowed to ferment before eating.

In the afternoon, I went back to the gardens and sketched the trunk of a saman tree, and as I worked a policeman and a gang of prisoners who were employed in the gardens of Government House passed beside me and inquired how much I would charge for a sketch the size of a carte-de-visite photograph! Then I walked back to the Port of Spain, and my kind friends brought in a number of pots and jars and a coal-pot¹ for me to see,

¹ See p. 67.

and explained the culinary arrangements of the country. Dinner is often cooked in five or six of these pots, and a kind of charcoal is used.

Jan. 29. We started at 7 o'clock for the Coolie Village, and after passing through (and witnessing some scenes of domestic life, interesting to a stranger), we moved on to the cocorites or cocoanut palms in a marshy place near the sea. It was a picturesque place, which the tram lines now completed, but not yet used, will eventually pass, and as I sketched, a small crowd as usual surrounded me, but were well-behaved and did not get in front of me. Afterwards, I walked back through the Coolie Village and spent some time in studying domestic arrangements. Most of the babies wore no garments, their sole adornments being bangles on wrists and arms, or necklets.

The mothers frequently reclined in picturesque attitudes on cane couches, uncushioned, drawn outside the huts, and an older girl or boy from 6 to 8 years was often seen carrying an infant astride on his or her hip, for here the infants are not carried in the arms but always astride and the funny little naked beings look happy and thriving from this treatment. Quite near the place I sketched, I got my first sight of a centipede, a reptile I hope I may never see again. It lay by the roadside basking in the sun, about four inches long, of a light brown colour, and with scales and tiny horns with which it bites, while the scorpion stings with its tail. There is a superstition that it is unlucky to mention the

name of this insect, and one should describe it in a round-about fashion, or say, by St Peter, by St Paul, etc., when people will guess that it is there.

The Coolie Village was clean and tidy, and all the brass utensils scrupulously bright. Near to it is a beautiful avenue of saman trees with their parasites. The coolies are very neatly formed, their arms and limbs well shaped, and their features often refined and handsome, with dark eyes and long lashes, and some of the children are very pretty with soft gazelle-like eyes. Their hair is generally very thick.

Jan. 30. In the morning I went with friends for a scramble through the woods, going through the brush-wood and undergrowths which Mr B—— was obliged to cut down, as we walked, with a large cutlass which he carried for the purpose. The descent was easier as we came quickly down by a good path, through the little village and passed the Church of St Ann, a charmingly picturesque place. On the top of the hill is a solitary dwelling where some coloured people live, and we entered and saw the culinary process, the mud-oven and the calabash dishes, and the woman of the house presented me with a paw-paw fruit and an orange in a most graceful manner.

The house was wattled, that is made of sticks and branches interwoven and then covered with mud; the roof was shingled with the sides of kerosene oil canisters, and the owner of the house had himself constructed a wardrobe out of beautiful brown native wood.

We were received with the utmost courtesy and presented with eggs, fruit and flowers. Nearly all requisites of house-keeping were grown on the space cleared round this humble dwelling, and some money was made by the sale of charcoal which they prepared.

We saw two large ants' nests, one of which had been destroyed and the top as large as a fair sized round table had been removed showing a miniature city in ruins.

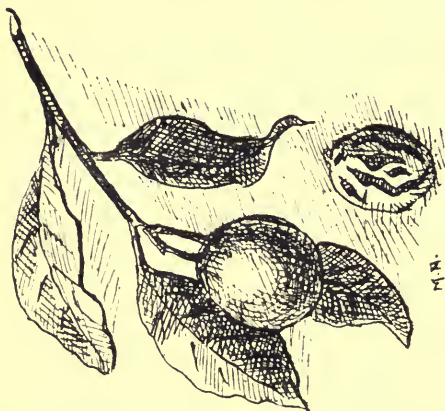
In the afternoon we visited the museum, where many of the reptiles, birds, shells and animals are shown, stuffed or in spirits; also butterflies, moths, etc., natives of Trinidad. It was I believe a private collection and is not at present very well arranged, though it is interesting and gives a stranger some idea of the natural history of the island. In the afternoon by winding paths and through strange and primitive streets and past humble abodes, where domestic scenes picturesque and entertaining frequently attracted our attention, we ascended to the beautifully situated Portuguese Roman Catholic Church, *Nôtre Dame de Laventille*. It was just the sunset hour as we reached the hill-top where the church was situated, and from its height watched the golden orb dip swiftly in the peaceful sea and the rosy light fade softly from the sky and from the purple mountains as the church bell sounded clear and penetratingly through the evening calm. Then we descended the steep and winding road and the darkness had scarcely fallen when, passing through the Chinese quarter of the town, we re-entered the Port of Spain.

On our way up to the Nôtre Dame I had an opportunity of seeing the preparation of Cassava flour. The root of the bitter cassava is first scraped free from its outer skin, it is then grated, (and in this case the work was performed by a coloured man whose only attire was a waist-cloth) upon a coarse copper grater into an oblong box. It was quite wet with its own juice, and this juice which is really prussic acid and deadly poison is entirely removed by placing the stuff just as it is scraped in a canvas bag, then it is pressed free from juice and dried, when it is both wholesome and palatable. It is then used to make bread and pies and also starch.

In the evening by the light of the full moon we strolled down to the jetty and saw the lighters fastened alongside it. It is called also the lover's walk. The bright clear tropical night and the perfect stillness of the sea made a scene so restful and lovely that as the balmy night air faintly floated round us it seemed indeed like an enchanted island, a land of palms, and flowers, and loveliness, and perfect peace.

JAN. 31. In the morning I was escorted across the park to a sketching place in the Botanical Gardens, the superintendent having kindly permitted me to go there for that purpose, whenever I chose to do so. The position of the cottage where Charles Kingsley stayed was pointed out to me, though the actual house has been removed, and it is replaced by a small and commonplace dwelling. It is quite near the present Government House, and

adjoining the Botanical Gardens, and near to it across the way a buttressed Ceiba towers majestically.



NUTMEG as it grows, and as it is found when removed from outer case, with scarlet ~~mace~~ coating outside the nut.
—*Botanical Gardens, Trinidad.*

CHAPTER VII

SAUT D'EAU, FALLS OF MARACCAS

FEB. 1. I was to have gone to the Pitch Lake this morning, but the day turned out so wet I abandoned the project, wrote letters, stitched some necessary garments, read, and spent the morning peacefully. In the afternoon I went for a very interesting walk with Mr and Mrs B—— by an Indian foot path winding up the mountains. We descended by a side path near the cascade valley, and came out beside the Chief Justice's house.

As we walked, range behind range of hills, divided by narrow, thickly wooded valleys in endless variety, with luxuriant vegetation met the eye; ferns beautiful and varied, indented yet harmonious, rose high above us, and the valleys sloped steeply on the left, while flowers of lovely hues clustered beside the lane, and white blossomed trees bloomed along the mountain side.

It was a grey day, and a sort of subdued calm pervaded the scenery.

Feb. 2. The Feast of the Purification. Sunday. The

service at 7 a.m., was very well attended, and a great number, indeed almost the entire congregation, were coloured people. The Cathedral choir was present, and was composed chiefly of coloured men, and boys. It was fully choral. The women, even the old ones, were all attired in the cleanest and freshest print dresses and turbans, and the windows and doors were all wide open so that the morning air came through, and the bright tropical sunshine fell upon the kneeling figures at that most Catholic service, where the sight of those coloured people kneeling beside one at the Holy Communion reminded one indeed that in Christ there is neither bond or free, for there indeed *all* are and must be one.

Directly after service I took a cab and joined my kind friends Mr and Mrs B. at Marivale, passing on the way the water-works which enclose the stream from the mountains, shaded by towering clumps of bamboos which arched high across the road growing luxuriantly by the river's side.

Just at Marivale church, situated at the foot of a spur of the northern mountains we turned along the mountain road and gradually ascended the 'Saut d'Eau' mountain, 2000 feet, which takes its name from a spring on the other side which we did not see. The ascent was very gradual. Passing the river again, picturesquely over-arched by bamboos, we turned into a cocoa plantation shaded by *bois immortelles* under-spreading branches of bright red coral colour standing out in clear relief against the cloudless sky, and thrown into strong relief by luxu-



Washing Clothes. Trinidad.

riant vegetation around, harmonising too with red and yellow cocoa beans, with glossy leaves.

We passed a charming 'source' where a woman was washing though the day was Sunday. Her dress was tucked up in classical fashion by means of a handkerchief tied below the hips, and as the women were lightly attired and their garments cling closely to them the effect was quite Botticellian!

Higher up we climbed, gaining exquisite views of the Northern mountains and of Tucuché (the highest peak), veiled in clouds and encircled by the vermillion hues of *bois immortelles*, while purple cloud shadows chased each other across the summit. From the highest point of the Saut d'Eau road, we had a good view of Tobago, an island

which is only visible in clear weather, and away in the far distance, the mountains of Venezuela were clearly seen melting into the sapphire waves.

Over a shoulder of the mountains we passed by a zig-zag path, and now and then the coloured folk in Sunday attire, passed up or down smiling and happy on their holiday.

Wild begonias grew on

the highest place, and by the way-side where high trees



CLOVES

and luxuriant creepers veiled the shimmering sea, we seated ourselves for a rest and partook of our mid-day repast.

Truly it was the tropics! and the second of February was as a perfect mid-summer day. The refreshing north wind blew in grateful coolness round us as we walked during the noon-tide hours, warm indeed, but exhilarated by the pure air and sunshine, and enchanted by the ever varying scene.

Parasol ants we saw several times moving along the pathway towards the ramparts of their city, and carrying enormous burdens of green leaves upon their backs, looking as they moved over the uneven pathway like a number of minute sailing boats on a tossing sea. Some of them carried three or four tiny ants also, perched on the top of their burdens, as in harvest time the farmer carries home some of the young folk upon his great waggon-loads of grain. And by the side of this ant-army, sergeants and corporals, as they appeared to be—marched—marshalling the laden insects. Butterflies of many hues flitted across the path, and tiny brown lizards darted here and there, but of venomous insects and reptiles there were none. And not a trace of any snake was to be seen.

Often on an old dead tree-trunk a wood-pecker hooked itself, and the wings of a tiny humming bird vibrated against the gorgeous sky, while a small brown lizard appeared rooted to the tree trunk. Now and then the sweet song of birds floated round us, and the *Qu'est*

ce qu'il dit? called with full round voice from a shady grove, but on the whole we did not see many birds. High up the hillside were house gardens, *i.e.*, clearings where Indian corn, onions and some West Indian vegetables were planted—but we passed far beyond the highest dwelling by a path which descends much more abruptly at the farther side.

The wild banana we saw—with its scarlet and black groups of pitchers instead of fruit. The balisier, like gigantic hart's tongues, waved its long, beautiful verdure in the gentle breeze, and the varnished brightness of its foliage gleamed out in pleasant contrast to the duller greenery around. Flowers indeed we saw, most beautiful in form and colour, but alas, their names and those of many of the shrubs are as yet unknown, and the blacks if asked to name them will nearly always tell one they are 'brush,' a name so comprehensive in these parts that one feels baffled by it. Another day I asked the name of some plants which are often seen in hedges, and was told that they were called 'hedge' by the coloured people.

Feb. 6. Three days this week we have been out sailing in the 'Nameless,' and the delightful motion of the yacht and the swift race through the tossing water was most exhilarating. Starting at four o'clock our return took place just when the sunset flashed over the sparkling sea, before the swift darkness fell and the stars looked shyly out from the deep blue vault of heaven, almost directly after the last gleam of golden light had died away. Fast through the bright water we sped

onwards, until the water splashed lightly over the good boat's side, and the mountains of Trinidad and the lowlands of the Port of Spain passed before us in ever varying aspects, while the soothing, swift motion calmed one's mind and cleared one's brain. On Tuesday morning, starting at 6.30 and taking the Cascade road, near Government House, some quick walking brought us through a fine cacao plantation to the cascade. The morning was still cool and fresh when we reached it, and the lovely vegetation of the island contrasted and harmonised with the blue sky and tender grey and purple shadows of the early morning. The waterfall is not a grand one and contains in the dry season but little water, yet it is a pretty spot, and the beautiful cacao plantation, with its jewel-like pods of crimson, scarlet, orange and yellow, shaded by coral-coloured branches of the 'Madre di cacao,' with its bright green leaves and grey branches enclosed a peaceful and lovely scene. Orange trees also grew luxuriantly, fruit-laden, by the wayside.

THE FALLS OF MARACCAS

Feb. 6, 1896. Starting by the 7.20 A.M. train we reached San Joseph in half-an-hour, and there a cousin of my friends had sent his carriage to meet us at the station to convey us as near as possible to the Maraccas waterfall. The drive was extremely lovely. We crossed the river nine times by nine different fords. The road was a continual surprise, an unending series of beautiful views and the fords were all picturesque, some more re-

markably so than others. In the dry season stepping-stones are arranged across the river at each of these fords, but these are washed aside in the rainy season when it is impossible to cross the river until the flood abates. We left the carriage about two miles from the falls and walked by means of an excellent pathway up a somewhat steep incline towards the cascade. Wonderful vegetation, cedars, sand-boxes, bois immortelles, ferns such as no English hot-house could boast of, such tree ferns, lycopodiums, begonias, and the tall sweeping verdure of the balisier, the wild climbing tancias and palms so luxuriant and cool, even on a tropical mid-day, fringed the path towards the cascade. It seems presumptuous to describe the beauty of that scene, so awe-inspiring, almost solemn, did it seem to me.

A grand wall of rock rose precipitously in front of us, and from its summit fell, or shall I say, floated a veil of misty spray broken at intervals to fall again in heavy rain drops over the brown rock boulders strewn sheer at the steep rock's base.

To see the summit it was necessary to turn one's face directly heavenwards, and the narrow valley was enclosed in such luxuriant vegetation it was impossible to get at any sufficient distance to make a sketch. It was a lovely memory enhanced by the great kindness of the friends who planned it for me, and one which will not lightly pass away. The descent was more easily accomplished, though by that time the sun was at its hottest being just high noon. However, when we reached the place our

horse was tethered, some delicious mandarin oranges, which grow in perfection here, were presented to us, and proved most refreshing in the blazing heat. We passed through San Joseph again, and I just looked into the Roman Catholic Cathedral there, the oldest church in Trinidad, which was built by the Spaniards. The exterior of the church shows signs of age, but the interior has been restored and is so tidy and clean in appearance, that it might almost be a new building. San Joseph was the former capital of Trinidad and is still of considerable importance. Around it are numerous cacao and sugar cane plantations and in the centre of the town green, enclosed by a railing, is the burial place of some British soldiers who succumbed to yellow fever after an encounter with the Spaniards. A little way lower down, the house is seen where the treaty was enacted handing over San Joseph and Trinidad to the English. On one side of the city stretches an immense savannah, on the other the mountains send out spurs into the numerous valleys, while cool streams flow seawards fertilising the land below and bringing health to it.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PITCH LAKE

FEB. 8. I started at 6.40 A.M. for La Brea by the steamer *Ière*, which stopped on the way at San Fernando. From the sea one had glimpses of the rather flat coast lying between that town and La Brea. The cost of an

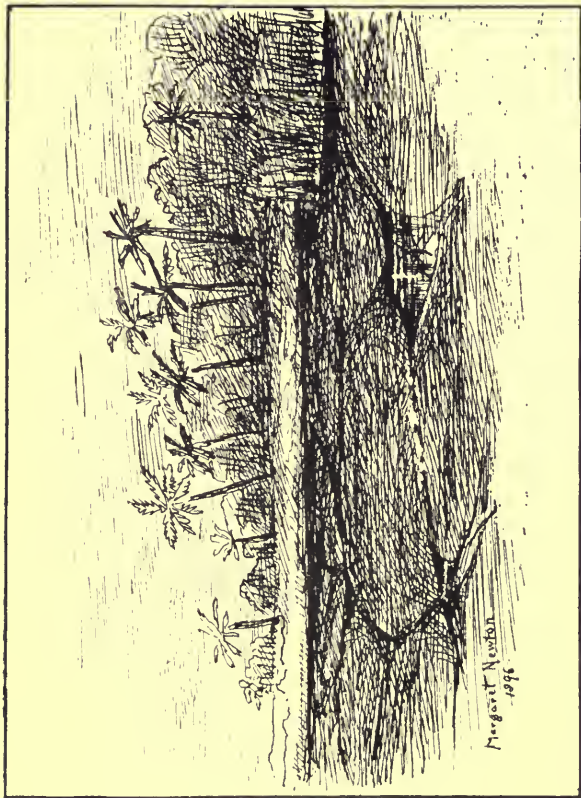


LA BREA

excursion ticket was 6s 3d with 1s 6d for landing and returning to the steamer. A plank was laid between the boat and a pitch rock which one walked across and

landed upon a pitch rock and pebbles over which numbers of small crabs scuttled, and against which the white line of surf beat unceasingly. It was about 11 A.M. when we landed, and the head policeman (a coloured man), most courteously took me at once under his protection, made all necessary inquiries for me and found an intelligent small boy to convey my sketching apparatus to the lake, and to point out any objects of interest on the way. There is now a good road leading direct to the Pitch Lake from the shore beside which numbers of cashew trees grow, and their russet and rosy-tinted fruit proved most refreshing later on, after a lengthened walk and some time spent seated in the broiling sun on the oven-like lake.

On the right, I passed the entrance to the cemetery, and then grou-grou palms began to take the place of the cashews, and tall green grasses waved rankly by the way-side. Carts passed back and forth laden with pitch over the road of pitch, and at the sides of the road pitch also was being dug away, looking as if the lake had once overflowed and by consolidating, had made the road leading to the sea. The lake itself was soon reached. Of considerable extent surrounded by grass and a thin border of trees, chiefly grou-grou palms, it resembled a good sized barrack square when much cut up and worn. All over the lake were crevices filled with water, sometimes quite clear, sometimes muddy, and it appeared like large round pieces of unbaked black bread squeezed close together, yet leaving hollows where the three sides joined, so that



The Pitch Lake

one was continually obliged to jump from one of these surfaces to another. On the surface all was entirely level, and to the touch hot almost as an oven.

Over the greater part of the lake, and round it, I walked, sinking in one place so rapidly above my ankles that I realised how easily one might be engulfed, and the intense heat made one appreciate the horrors of the Inferno, and of the awful clinging heat that would swallow up those condemned to its torture. I took up handfuls of pitch and kneaded them with my fingers (it felt like a sponge filled with soap and dust) and I wrung water out of it. The pitch did not stick in the least to either hands or boots, even though I sank in some places above my ankles in it. Of course, the colouring is not actually black; it presents a greyish appearance to the eye owing to the mixture of dust and the effect of light. About one third of the pitch is dust, one third oil, and one third, pure pitch, but the oil is not made use of separately, it is left with the pitch which on that account is more valuable. Cart loads may be removed from the lake, but in three weeks time, not a trace of the space left vacant by them will be visible, the hollow filling up so quickly that no diminution in the quantity is visible, and the supply appears practically inexhaustible.

The works for purifying the pitch are very simple. Very little is done, except boiling it in a huge cauldron, and the liquid pitch then flows down a spout into barrels, looking very much like treacle.

Small waggon lines run round part of the lake to the

works laid on grou-grou planks. It is said that when boiling pitch falls upon the skin it causes the flesh to rot ; however of course the extent of the evil varies according to the health of the person touched by it. Most of the people employed on the lake are negroes, for La Brea is a malarious place and whites cannot live there. Fine strong men they are and capable of getting through much hard work. The policemen also at La Brea are coloured men, and on my return to the shore the head of the police who had so kindly assisted me on my arrival, brought out a chair for me to sketch from, and afterwards invited me into the cool barracks to await the steamer which had gone on to some stations further along the coast. Going home the steamer was unable to touch at San Fernando, owing to the low tide. And a strong wind blew almost cold from the sea.

At 6.30 P.M., I reached the Port of Spain, having spent nearly twelve hours away from it, and rejoiced to have seen so remarkable a sight as the Pitch Lake. The land too at La Brea presented many interesting peculiarities. The sea is a much bluer colour than at the Port of Spain. However time was limited and as the district is said to be malarious I did not care to spend a night there. The smell of pitch I quite liked ; it is wholesome and did not affect my head at all.

Feb. 9. Passing along the Cascade valley we ascended the steady slope of Hololo, a steep and somewhat fatiguing climb, though not an exceedingly long one, at least as compared with that of the Saut d'Eau. We walked by a



CASHEW. Fruit red like tomato with green shades, seed olive green, leaves glossy green, stem rose purple.

good mule path right up to the summit and from thence looked down into the Santa Cruz valley on one side with the Saut d'Eau to the left and Tucuché on the right, veiled by clouds and the *bois immortelles* glowing in brightest flame colour against the purple hills. On the other side Monos in the far distance, the five islands in the front, Gasparee, and perhaps, further still, Chacachacare, were discernible but the somewhat cloudy day rendered the distance at times indistinct. On the other side, the long flat expanse of the marshes was clearly seen and the cocoa plantations extended to the summit of Hololo, and there a patch of sugar-cane met the eye. We afterwards descended by the direct mule path down

the shoulder rising from the Santa Cruz valley, and spent the afternoon at the Chief Justice's, where we were hospitably entertained with afternoon tea and shown his charming house situated in the Cascade valley.

I left the house at 6.45 A.M. and it was past 6 P.M. when I returned there in time for evening service in the cathedral at seven o'clock. All the men and boys in the choir are black, and I was pleased with the dress of a number of ladies who sing in the choir. They all wore fresh, white, print dresses and tiny white bonnets of uniform shape, simply trimmed. At present an addition is being made to the sanctuary, so the church has an ugly boarding across the chancel.

Feb. 10. In the afternoon we walked round the cemetery which has a fine avenue of saman and palm trees. But few of the tombs are arranged in good taste. We came back by the interesting Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, a very nice building, very pretty inside with harmoniously coloured windows, and then round by the fine police barracks which are very strikingly handsome buildings. We had an opportunity of seeing a company of the fine coloured police marching into them.

Feb. 11. Passing along a Circular Road, we kept straight on and soon came to the Fort, from which there is a very fine view of the entire country and of Mount Tamana in the distance. We then ascended further and came down the picturesque road from Nôtre

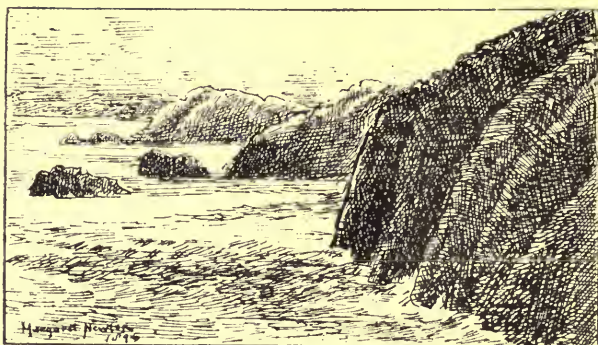
Dame de Laventille. On the way up I looked into the Roman Catholic Cathedral, not an extremely interesting place, but beyond in an old part of the town near a fine saman tree, we passed many interesting scenes of humanity and saw some curious domestic customs. We wound upwards passing on the way a quaint uncared-for little cemetery on the hill side.

Feb. 12. In the morning, I crossed the wide savannah and mounting to the lovely arbour called Lady M'Leod's Folly above the Botanical Gardens completed my sketch there of Saint Ann's valley and church lying far below almost buried in the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. In the afternoon we returned to the gardens where the band was playing, and where carriages were drawn up to listen to the really excellent music. The sun sunk rapidly beyond the savannah as we turned homewards, flooding the beautiful Queen's park in mellow light.

Feb. 16. Passing through the Coolie Village, and following a very direct road we reached the Blue Basin after a drive of about an hour and a half. It was an interesting drive and the views were very varied and lovely. Perhaps the most striking feature of the country was the cocorites which grew in great numbers, spreading their broad plume-like leaves in strong, clear, sweeping clusters, and behind and around them the ever varying outlines of the hills and valleys or of the sparkling sea. The *bois immortelles* also stood out strongly against the purple distance, and beautiful forms of vegetation greeted one on every side.

Passing through a cocoa plantation we reached the Blue Basin by an excellent pathway. It is a pretty spot, chiefly remarkable for the wonderful depth of the basin, which has never been fathomed. The water is clear and cool flowing from the mountains, and it is a very favourite bathing-place. As I sketched, some brown boys bathed and dived, and quite a crowd of men stood round waiting most respectfully until I rose to go for their morning bath. The waterfall is not very remarkable in itself, though it is very pretty, and around and above the vegetation is luxuriant, balisiers droop their glossy tongues glistening with spray over the cascade, and the wild tania shingles the rocky wall, while by the basin's side a group of coloured men and women in fresh print clothing, stood by in peaceful groups.

Retracing our steps, we afterwards turned to the right, and soon mounted by the excellent winding path to the North Post Signal Station, from which vessels are sighted and signalled to the Port of Spain. Beautiful views met the eye as we mounted the hillside, and we caught charming glimpses of the sea between wide-spreading cocorites with their twisted trunks and green fruit clusters. From the summit of the North Post Signal Station, a fine view lay before us on either side—to the right Saut d'Eau rose steeply from the water with Maraccas behind and the small islands of Maraccas and Saut d'Eau breaking up the outline in the foreground. Tobago was not visible as the day was somewhat hazy. Saut d'Eau bay we could not see, it is said to be very pretty, and people bathe there in



SAUT D'EAU ISLD. MARACCAS ISLD, MARACCAS SAUT D'EAU

spite of sharks which are somewhat dangerous in that part. The wind was quite strong on the top, and before we reached the carriage a heavy shower came on, so we were glad to take shelter in it.

CHAPTER IX

MASQUERADING. PORT OF SPAIN

FEB. 18. On Sunday, masquerading began, which became more exciting as Monday and Tuesday advanced. But the masquerading, though carried on with considerable spirit, was tawdry to some extent. It was almost exclusively confined to the poorer classes, though some young gentlemen drove in carriages. Masks of painted wire with one unvarying expression were most common, altered sometimes by paint and moustaches. Devils were the favourite disguise, red, black, and white, with long tails and masks, more or less grotesque. The women wore turbans and hats often decorated with croton leaves. There was a pole with ribbons which a crowd of children or girls gathered round and plaited, each taking one ribbon, and numbers of persons drove in carriages, who turned out, perhaps, for a yearly drive ; and a great many of the women and girls were painted and powdered, for, to the blacks, the charm of appearing with a white and

pink complexion is irresistibly delightful, and though the pleasure is short-lived and but of a few hours' duration, the joy of it never wanes for them.

It was a wild and noisy, sometimes a picturesque, and generally a well conducted crowd. Drunkenness I saw nothing of, and there was little coarseness even in manner, and none in the songs, all things bordering on indecency being strictly prohibited. Men were not allowed to wear women's attire, neither did women wear men's. The masqueraders went everywhere—begging—some as shoeblacks, others as postmen, and others again as news' vendors. When they had gained enough in this manner, they hired a carriage and spent the money on driving round the town. The noise in the streets was bewildering, and a little of this sort of pageantry was entertaining, though, when carried to excess, fatigued one greatly, especially as the heat of the sun and of the crowds was considerable.

ARIMA AND THE HIGH WOODS

Feb. 18. Starting by the 8.30 A.M. train, about an hour's journey brought me to Arima. There the warden had kindly sent his horse to meet me, and after going to the town, I slowly began the ascent of five miles towards Arima heights. My destination was Mr W——'s house in a cocoa plantation five miles distant from Arima, and the path leading to it is really a good one in many places. It is being widened and improved at present. My little horse carried me steadily

along, picking its way down the steep and stony places and by the side of the precipice.

It was a beautiful ride, steep sometimes and winding by the edge of a precipice, with a rushing river down below and tall bamboo clumps arching across the red brown pathway. Butterflies, exquisite in colour, large as swallows, blue, purple, and sapphire coloured, gleaming like living jewels, floated across the way. Pale yellow ones and others orange striped or spotted with brown, also fluttered along, and the cool breeze rattled the bamboo leaves, and swept refreshingly through the lovely valley. Numbers of black men were at work in parts of the road, widening it and removing the thick wealth of creepers.

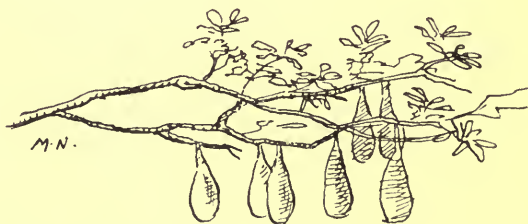


ARIMA HEIGHTS. BOIS IMMORTELLES in the foreground.

In the morning two young cocoa planters, one an Englishman the other a Barbadian, escorted me to the top of one of the heights, through a steep and densely

wooded way. Armed with cutlasses they chopped down in sheer wantonness palms and ferns which would have been the pride of an English hothouse. Climbing ferns with roots like hare's feet, some of them wide spreading and of fairy-like delicacy. Lianes like twisted cables, or resembling the exquisite stone tracery of some ancient cathedral, actually bewildered one by their maze of tropical luxuriance and beauty. A cutlass soon severed one of these lianes from above, a second cut being speedily made lower down, for the sap ascends so rapidly that if cut first at the bottom it would all have mounted before the upper cut could be made. A stick thus severed about two feet in length was held over one's mouth and a stream of pure water poured from it down one's throat and was most refreshing, tasting quite clean though woody.

As we descended, a number of corn birds' nests were pointed out to me on the bois immortelles shaped like this.



Corn birds' nests.

They were suspended high in the air, and built near

together, and the entrance was at the base. A heavy shower fell, and we were glad to take refuge in a cottage thatched with timite palm leaves, and wattled over. Round it was a small patch of cultivated land where the convolvulus-like plant of the sweet potato with its white, lavender-veined flower grew plentifully, and the yam crept with heart-shaped glossy leaves over projecting poles much as our own scarlet runners do at home. Crotons, draecenas, begonias grew luxuriantly, and the emerald blades of the sugar-cane waved above and around them, bordered by the still more exquisite verdure of the broad and stately banana foliage. We sat under the wide timite roof talking to the two women who lived there, who brought us delicious spring water to drink while we rested, and the elder woman, sympathy craving here as elsewhere, removed the covering from a swollen leg for our inspection, which she had bandaged carefully with plaintain leaves.

Looking down from our lofty perch we saw a perfect rainbow arch stretching across the valley at our feet. We were high above it, and the purple shadows and mist lay far below us, while the rainbow colours blended and harmonised with the brilliant bois immortelles in the valley, and with the brilliant verdure and purple shadows of the mountain ridges which rose in infinite variety of form with ever varying shadows on either side of hollows so exquisite and so closely connected with the central valley that the whole scene was invested with the enchantment of a transformation scene, as the rain clouds

were driven away, and then the prismatic hues glowed against the dusky hill sides, to be dispelled soon after by the brilliance of a tropical sun. About a mile, and we had descended to the 'road,' and here the *Qu'est ce qu'il dit* inquiringly broke the silence of that calm woodland scene, gleaming brightly with yellow touches of plumage against the now brilliant sky, and so little disturbed by our presence that a stick pointed directly at him did not interrupt his call. I had looked eagerly for a balata, but nearly all these monarchs of the woods had been cut down, their timber being too much valued for building and other purposes to be left standing in any accessible place. Some of the Trinidad woods are very valuable, and most of them are hard.

The ride back to Arima was very pleasant, and although it was mid-day when I started, the refreshing breeze and the delightful shade of the mountain road prevented me from feeling weary, and my little horse moved gently along, putting down its head to inspect the path carefully before descending any nasty bit of road, and carrying me steadily over every obstacle, without stumbling when left to choose its own way.

The houses in Arima itself are very irregular, and except the church which is rather picturesque, there are no striking-looking dwellings or public buildings. The houses are most of them primitive looking though often picturesque, and there is a simple charm about things there which pleases one. The savannah is extensive though not to be compared with that of the Port of

Spain, and across it cool breezes sweep from the mountains. The hospitality and kindness I met with during my two days' stay in Arima will be a pleasant remembrance in future years.

On reaching the town I had still an hour and a half to wait till train time, and I was invited to spend it in a pleasant villa, and was there entertained with afternoon tea and cordially invited to return to Arima and visit some of the other scenes of natural beauty which surround it.

Feb. 23. We had intended to walk to Fort George in the morning, but heavy clouds hung over the hills and instead we took our way to the market, which on a Sunday morning is a very animated scene. In Port of Spain there are four markets at different quarters of the town. Owing to these divisions there is no one very large market such as in Demerara, but meat, vegetables and fruit are rapidly disposed of, and the crowd was so great about half-past seven that it required patience to wend one's way through it. Later in the morning when the meat is sold cheap and the poor people come to buy it, it must be great indeed.

Sunday in Port of Spain is a day of recreation as well as church-going, and the markets are open from six till nine A.M., as in so hot a country it is impossible to keep provisions. Sunday, moreover, is a feast day, and everything must be bought in the morning. The people are, it seems to me, very regular church-goers, and at the early celebrations Trinity Cathedral is always

well filled with coloured people, whose behaviour is both earnest and reverent. Cocoa-nut water is a Sunday treat in Trinidad, and donkey carts filled with the young green nuts go about the streets. Cocoa-nuts hold about a pint and a half of water which is quite clear to look at and is a most refreshing beverage. It is like a kind of lemonade, but more refreshing. In the evening we went to the Cathedral where Bishop Hayes preached an earnest sermon upon the temptation of Christ.

In the morning we walked through the savannah, past the rifle range to the Saman Avenue beside the police station, when I began a sketch of the avenue from the side nearest the barracks. In the evening we watched a sunset from the jetty, the like of which I have never before seen. It was like a vast transformation scene, so rapidly did the rosy clouds, which had floated above the purple mountains and cast long reflections in the peaceful sea, fade into the tenderest pearly grey, while the shadowy hills stood out more strongly as the light behind gleamed like a sheet of beaten gold, and the dark brown masts of lighters in the foreground stood out in strong contrast to the more distant scene. Soon the rosy clouds seemed to transfer their brilliance further west, and the whole sky glowed golden and fiery red, brighter and more vivid, and ever more and more intense till the gulf shimmered like a sea of gold and the amethystine clouds just veiled the point where gold and scarlet seemed to blend, hovering above the

horizon in long sweeping curves like an army of angels floating heavenwards, while the perfect stillness of the evening sent only a ripple over the golden sea, like a ladder reaching towards Infinitude. A distant brown sail vanished horizonwards, while some fishing smacks moved silently and almost imperceptibly home.

Turning a little, a more subdued and chastened loveliness of sky and sea seemed to enwrap one as in a mantle of peace. Clouds of the tenderest lavender stood out from the gold-green sky, and a pure, soft blue seemed to shroud the horizon, while here the blue-green water rippled more perceptibly, and the dark strong shades of evening crept up close to the old brown pier. And even as we gazed upon it, watching each varying note of colour, each harmony of tone, the gorgeous radiance faded from the sky, and the blue-grey silence of a tropical night fell rapidly.

Then the moon rose, and the bright evening star sparkled from the serene and silent depths of space. Words cannot describe the wonders of that colouring—flame colour—brighter than the glare from a burning city, faded into gold and purest orange, while purple clouds in heaven were mirrored in the shimmering deep below, and the triple chord of colour was completed by the noble hills behind, wrapt in their royal hues of shadow, and again the marvellous pageantry of cloud and shadow was reflected in the rippling sea.

Feb. 25. In the morning we returned to the Saman Avenue, and I continued my sketch. The day was very

hot so we did not go out until the evening, when we again walked on the jetty and watched a sunset—more subdued—but not less lovely than the day before.

Feb. 26. In the morning we started for a scramble through the beautiful dry valley to the left of Lady M'Leod's Folly—taking a path which gave one some idea of the 'High Woods.' One grand old trunk is still left there, stretching its giant roots like trees themselves in circumference in a wonderful maze of curves across the small dry valley. Some of those roots stood about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high above the ground, and it was quite a scramble to get across them. The trunk itself did not actually begin until it had attained the height of a moderately high house. Before the trunk rose stately from its buttresses, sheer upwards, for a long distance it was festooned by lianes and enclosed by a somewhat dense undergrowth where palms and hot-house ferns of many beautiful varieties grew, and strange pink-tinted snail shells lay in the dried torrent bed.

It was a grand old tree trunk like a monarch still looking down upon the pigmy growths of days and years, serene and unperturbed by the agitations of the myriad forms of life around, with huge sweeping curves so noble and massive that one was filled almost with awe as one wound round the ridges of its solid roots. We climbed warily lest some snake might lie curled in these cool recesses, but saw neither snake nor reptile of any kind only the myriad forms of flies and ants so unceasingly at work upon their ever increasing ant hills, or on their

brown excrescences of nests firmly fastened to the trees themselves with the covered passages leading up to them, so skilfully engineered. Passing this ancient monarch of the woods we scrambled up a steep bank closely overgrown by brush to the top of the hill, and looking to the right, the five islands, Monos, Gasparee, Chacachacare and some projecting points of the mainland separated by Hart's Cut lay revealed in the soft morning light. The day was hot and the tender haze had not yet faded from the distance while the gulf stretched calm as dreamland towards the horizon, and the green wooded mountains still hung with a down of purple mist spread out shoulder by shoulder towards the wide savannah and the Port of Spain. We could see the Saman Avenue and Police Station, with the long line of the Coolie Village, partly in shadow partly conspicuous where the slanting sunbeams glinted full upon its grey-roofed dwellings.

Leaving the small plantation on the top, and its courteous brown owner with whom we had a few words *en passant*, we descended through the bush direct to the Folly and were soon again in the Botanical Gardens. From thence by the savannah, a quick walk brought us home. In the evening we went out for a row by the bright moonlight over the beautiful gulf passing round some of the fine ships and steamers, so cosmopolitan, which anchor there. I had not had an oar in my hands for about two years and the old charm of the fine exer-

cise in the bright moonlight of a tropical night, was enhanced by the warm, soft, balmy air.

It seems strange that on so perfect a night we did not meet a single pleasure boat. One would have imagined that a night of so much beauty and serenity would have induced many to avail themselves of its soothing influence and of the fresh sea air. Afterwards we walked to the savannah where the stately palms appeared magnified and invested with an added charm by the soft clear moonlight. Many people were strolling to and fro, the women wearing crisp print dresses caught up at the side and showing finely tucked or embroidered petticoats, with brightly coloured turbans, becomingly arranged upon their heads while sometimes large golden *boucles d'oreilles* were worn, and silver bangles. But the little coolie woman, often a mere child with all her bangles and her graceful and modest looking *sari* is as a rule the most picturesque being one meets with, though it is not usually in moonlight rambles one comes across her for the Port of Spain adopts the saying 'early to bed,' etc., and her cosmopolitan children rise with or before the sun, and some of them go to rest soon after sundown, even though the sunset is between six and seven!

Feb. 29. We had been out boating the evening before and I rose feeling revived and rested after a long and dreamless sleep, to start for the Cascade valley. Passing along the bamboo shaded road, we came to a cocoa estate of some extent where I was entertained by the literal way in which law was laid down. A notice against

trespassing was newly printed and conspicuously nailed upon one of the trees with the peculiarity of being placed upside down, which added not a little to the originality of the effect. Doubtless the coloured owner had bought it, believing it was a charm against intruders, and thinking that like a plaster for a sore chest it mattered not which side was uppermost so long as it was visible, or possibly that, like the Amen at the end of a prayer he thought the solitary word should stand alone, and that its place should come last in the notice. The effect was more striking than he imagined !

For the first time I saw the Pomerac in blossom. The flower was a brilliant magenta colour touched with purple, like pompons closely fastened to the stem of a tree not unlike the cocoa with glossy leaves, which reminded me considerably of the latter. The trees grew side by side. The fruit is somewhat like an apple, pleasant to taste. It is not much larger than a plum, though of a more oblong shape. On the way back through the cocoa plantation, I met a woman carrying a tray of fruits and vegetables on her head. By her side toddled an infant of about a year and half clutching its mother's hand. However, the small fat being tripped and toppled over in the thick layers of dust. The mother could not help it without putting down her load so I ran forward in time to raise the chubby little creature from the dust, and wipe away the tears from its little black face. Its only attire was a cricket cap and a pair of bangles ! so it toddled along

contentedly for a little way with its hand in mine as happy as a king.

Indeed the coloured people are a healthy looking set, lithe and stalwart for the most part though the old women become sometimes ugly to look at when they have had a long life of work. But the practice of carrying trays and baskets upon their heads gives them a deportment so stately that when attired in their fresh print dresses with trains tucked up on one side and with colours harmonised bewitchingly with their bronze skins, and sometimes decorated with bangles, necklets, and rings, they are very imposing looking. Brown skins and bright sunshine harmonise things wonderfully, and the practice of stiffening all the linen and prints very thoroughly gives a crispness to things which contrasts favourably with the too often bedraggled aspect of a similar crowd in a northern climate, and the negro or negress as the case may be, loves to be fashionable and to imitate his superiors in dress at all events, and, if possible, in manners.

March 1. At the 6 A.M. celebration in the cathedral a number of first communicants were present to whom the Bishop gave a short address. He was assisted by the Dean and four other clergy, and the service was reverent and earnest. It lasted an hour and a half. Afterwards, we rowed to the foot of the hill on which Fort George is situated, and we all landed on the wharf in front of the leper hospital, amongst the cocorites, and walked up the sloping path which leads to the flagstaff. Going up we had many interesting and beautiful views,

and the *bois immortelles* were as usual a prominent feature. I found a great many exquisite wild flowers belonging to the convolvulus tribe. A white one was especially striking in appearance.

Bamboos grew luxuriantly, and the gradual ascent led us at last by a somewhat zig-zag route to the flagstaff. It is not any longer a fort though some guns are still there. The site is used as an observatory and signal station, and the views obtained from it on a clear day are very impressive.

The sparkling water far below, the five islands, Gasparee, and Monos, with Chacachacare in the distance, and the North Post Signal Station rising from the far side of a fertile valley, while on the other hand Saint Ann's valley with its heights and the Laventille Hills stood out, and at their base the long sweeping lines of the verdant savannah and the regular streets of the Port of Spain, its occasional towers, dwarfed by the distance; and looking seawards all the fishing crafts, lighters, yachts, ships and steamers at anchor in the placid Gulf of Paria.

The brightness was too great to last, and before we had well started on our homeward way, ominous clouds came down over the mountains, and a few heavy drops fell. The water here is very shallow, and one has to keep out some distance from the shore if one does not wish to run aground. Before we had gone half way a tropical shower almost blinded us and the rain fell like a tepid shower-

bath dancing up from the sea and drenching us through in a few minutes, as none of us had had the forethought to bring an umbrella. It is nearly always the case that the three days after full moon are showery ; sometimes they are really wet.

CHAPTER X

A SUGAR ESTATE

MARCH 4. My kind friends had arranged an expedition for me by the San Fernando line of railway to Coura, and we started by the 7.20 A.M. train, returning to the Port of Spain at 5.55 P.M. The journey was interesting and unlike any part of Trinidad I had before seen. The railway is called the C line, because the name of nearly every station begins with a C, Caroni, Conupia, Chaguanus, Carapichima, Coura, California, Claxton Bay, not as one might suppose from its proximity to the coast, for the line runs more than a mile inland, and as the country is an immense plain the sea is nowhere discernible.

Near Caroni there is still a trace left of the forest which once entirely covered that district, and a bit of thick wood where a tangle of palms, balisiers, and taller trees grew, is still to be seen, though the larger trunks have all been removed for timber. The savannah of Caroni is burnt down every year, by order of the warden, when the whole district is enwrapt in flames, and traces of these fires is discernible in the leafless trees which fringe

the remnant of forest in this district. The Caroni river is a sullen, deep, turbid stream, eddying and deceitful, which swells up suddenly, submerging the neighbouring lowlands and savannah, and brings devastation and death in the wake of its unstable waters. We passed the only estate in the island, worked by water, that of Aranjuez near San Juan, and the whole country from that on, was more or less covered with sugar-cane plantations. Nearly opposite the station at San Joseph, is the house where Governor Chacon, the Spaniard, signed the Articles of Capitulation surrendering Trinidad to the British General Abercrombie, and to Admiral Harvey.

The scenery at Coura is homely. There are no fine mountains near, though far in the distance one sees the blue Laventille hills, enwrapped in tenderest cobalt haze, set in a chusing of bois immortelles, while the wide expanse of emerald sugar-canes in the foreground has a certain attraction of its own, and the Coolie men and women attired in flowing saris and topees, with their muscular and graceful forms, and picturesque attitudes, their primitive dwellings and domestic life possess a charm peculiar to themselves, for all who study humanity in its most homely forms.

I was taken to see the fine sugar estate of Brechin Castle, the property of Mr Grieg, and his overseer most kindly and carefully explained the various processes to me. We had seen, as we approached the sugar works, the way in which the canes were cleared in the fields, by cleverly dealt blows from cutlasses, and how these



Coura, Trinidad

were tossed into carts and drawn to the factory by large tawny-coloured oxen with wide, gentle-looking eyes; and very strong and docile these creatures appeared to be. The canes were all weighed before being unloaded into railway trucks which ran up on either side of the roller. About fifty men were employed to throw the canes from these trucks which were ranged on either side the roller, into the trench between them. These were instantly raised by powerful machinery to a certain height by the roller, when they were thrown over between rollers and all the juice was crushed out into a deep tank, by the side of which two men were placed to remove some of the mud and filth which rose at once to the surface.

Then the juice was raised through cylinders to the great boilers while megass, or the outer coat of the canes, crushed into tinder, was thrown off on another side and raked away into a machine which conveyed it to the engines which it fed, and of which it formed the sole fuel. There were eight engines, one of them a spare one in case of any accident happening to the others, as only seven are used at one time.

Portions of megass pass above an opening to the furnaces perpetually, and as more fuel is required, it falls directly into the furnace, whereas a door can be opened if no fuel is wanted which conducts it instead into a different receptacle for refuse. It takes twelve tons of sugar canes (as they are brought from the field) to make one ton of sugar, and it takes between 1500 and 1800 gallons

of the liquid to make a ton of sugar according to the season, and the quality of the canes.

The juice is first boiled, and then mixed with carbonate of soda and lime to purify it. It then passes through a large pipe into tanks where the scum is removed by means of a machine which is kept moving perpetually backwards and forwards over a tank filled with liquid. It is moved by two coolies, and it must be a tiring and very hot operation. The scum is driven over at either end into pipes and is carried away to fertilise the estate. When this scum is removed, the juice presents a clear watery appearance, but after passing through several boilers it becomes more and more crystallised, until at last it attains a thick yellow substance containing both treacle and sugar.

This is then shovelled into troughs and well stamped down into them by bare-legged coolies before it passes into the copper-gauze cauldrons to be turned out as pure sugar. The copper gauze netting is placed inside another cauldron, and is whirled round with such velocity that the contents are thrown against the side when the molasses passes through the netting leaving the clear white or brown sugar crystals. These are then scooped out and placed in bags of 2 cwt, ready for exportation. There are three qualities of sugar made, first, second, and third quality.

The molasses are then left in great tanks to be removed to the vats for making rum, where it is left for a period of about six months to ferment before the liquor can be

distilled. The distilling is a very simple process, and does not take long to finish when once the fermentation is complete. And it is by the bubbles which rise from the boiling liquid that its quality is gauged. About 1500 gallons of molasses are used weekly for the mules belonging to the five estates. They like it very much, though of course, in addition they get oats and mashes as it is necessary to feed them well.

Perhaps it is well that one does not realise the impurities contained in molasses, or one might hesitate before eating it. The vats are often the receptacle for dead cats, rats, vultures and filth, but it is better not to think of such things. It is from such materials that rum is made. The coolies employed upon the estate are indentured for five years, and have their passage paid from East India.

The work on the estates only lasts about five months in the year, but it is hard work while it lasts, beginning at 2 A.M. and continuing till eight, nine or ten at night according to the amount of canes grown in the year. In return the average coolie gets twenty-five cents per diem, with free house, hospital, doctor and fuel, and as he lives to a great extent upon the sugar cane and sugar with some rice, he has scarcely any expenditure and can often put aside twenty cents out of the twenty-five he earns. The more difficult work is done by men who receive fifty cents a day. On Sunday all the machinery is thoroughly cleaned and this work continues from 2 A.M. till 1 P.M.

It is hard work for both coolies and overseer while it lasts. If a coolie remains ten years in Trinidad his return passage will be paid by the government, otherwise an equivalent sum of money or a piece of land will be given him and he will be an independent man. In case he should run away, before his five years are up he will be sent to prison for the offence. Coolies are punished if caught stealing sugar, and they are not often found in the act, though a man often gets through as much as a shilling's worth in the course of twenty-four hours. Coolies are bound to remain ten years in the island, but after five years' indenture they are at liberty to change their employment and are then free men.

Much might be done in the way of mission work amongst those people. Presbyterians have done a great deal, and have mission stations in four different quarters. The Roman Catholics have also been working steadily, and the English Church has been aroused and has begun to do something, though alas! not much at present, towards the religious education of those people who are naturally superstitious and bound down, even here, to some extent by their own heathen worship. Much has been done for the negroes in Trinidad, but work amongst the coolies has not progressed so favourably. The young coolie mothers, many of them little more than fourteen years of age, are often very good looking, but they age very quickly and the old women are not nice to look at. This is partly owing to the early age at which maternal cares are entered upon and partly from the fact that in

order to amass a large sum of money the coolie stints both himself and family of the food which in so hot a climate is absolutely necessary.

After ten years many of the coolies become really rich and some of them return to their native land on a visit, but very frequently come back to Trinidad where they enjoy a more independent life than it is possible to have in their native land, as the prejudice of caste cannot attain any ascendancy in a country where men are obliged to work together at a common toil. Caring for cattle, gardening, raising vegetables, etc., are amongst the occupations of these people, and they are dexterous in their work. A woman's arms and feet are generally her bank, and well-to-do coolie women's arms will be entirely covered with solid silver bangles in addition to their boucles d'oreilles and face ornaments, to say nothing of the necklets made of solid gold pieces, anklets, finger, and toe rings. These can be sold for almost their full amount when the owner is 'hard up,' and cannot be lost or stolen as they are worn by the owner perpetually, though they may be pawned when occasion serves.

March 8. In the morning a friend most kindly sent his carriage to take me to the cascade situated at a short distance from the Blue Basin. We drove through the coolie village and passed the cocorites through Diego Martin, and then, instead of turning to the right for the Blue Basin and the North Post kept on steadily to the left along the Bagatelle road. After heavy rain the cascade would look fine. It is composed of a series of

small terraces, the water falling over ledges down a sloping wall of rock about 300 feet high I should imagine, with basins at intervals all the way up and prettily overhung by bamboos, balisiers, ferns and vegetation. There was little water in it when I saw it, and to sketch it was practically impossible as the trees grew up so near to it that until we reached its foot one could not see it at all. The carriage stopped at a little distance from the fall and we walked along a charming wooded path, shaded with bamboos and fringed with lovely flowers and ferns and some small palms. We took about an hour to go out and another to return and we spent a little while strolling about there.

The Boys' Reformatory was pointed out again to me, a fine building, and near by is a beautiful ceiba or silk cotton tree. Diego Martin is a picturesque village. Before turning along the Bagatelle Road one sees the cross on the road leading to the Blue Basin where an atrocious murder was committed some years ago, and the perpetrator of the deed could not be convicted as the place was so well chosen that no positive evidence could be found. He was a Roman Catholic, and was excommunicated with his wife and family, after which he joined the Anglican Church, and his death occurred only a few years ago.

The victim was a priest in the suspected man's family. One night a summons reached him to attend the death-bed of a sick person. He rose to fulfil his duty, and at the spot marked by the cross was entrapped by men who

lay in wait, and foully murdered. For nine days the trial lasted, and the jury were averse to his indictment. Three men were implicated, but on one the evidence was really convicting though the jury refused to take it. He was a wealthy man. The murder was committed on his land, and it was known that the priest's influence over his wife was a cause of jealousy. Yet, in spite of all this the man escaped scot-free.

March 9. I went to the eight o'clock choral celebration of the Holy Communion, and in the evening we went to St Margaret's Church, Belmont, a nice little church with a reverently conducted service. The rector preached, and the walk home in the peaceful summer night was very pleasant.

March 10. In the morning I started with friends for a walk along the Debe valley. Crossing the savannah we took the road towards Marivale, but instead of keeping straight on we turned to the left by the long Circular Road, and then took to the road on the right distinctly marked 'Debe Road.' We followed the windings of a lovely stream over-arched with bamboos and lovely vegetation. Beautiful ferns grew in profusion, and deep, clear pools looked delightfully transparent and refreshing, while great stones stained blood-red lay scattered through the stream, and the slanting sunbeams glinted upon the soft bamboo foliage and glanced down in sparkling ripples upon the winding stream.

We picked our way through the bed of the stream, jumping from side to side for some distance, and then

climbed up through a cocoa plantation, which soon led us into a good mule path, by which we descended to the public road, after a pleasant scramble through a lovely little glen.

In the afternoon we went out for a sail and passed round a fine English yacht the *St George*, which is at present cruising in the West Indies. The air was soft and balmy, and we glided gently over the lovely Gulf of Paria—and I greatly enjoyed a lesson in the art of steering, so slight a touch influenced the attitude of our trim little yacht.

March 11. Several days have elapsed since my last entry in this journal, nearly every one of which began with a walk and sketching, and ended with an evening stroll. Twice I went to Marivale, almost as far as the waterworks to sketch the bamboos, and on the way we had opportunities of studying the marvellous engineering skill of several colonies of ants, with roads diverging in different directions so finely planned, and so entirely cleared from grass and stones that one could scarcely realise they were constructed by so diminutive an insect as an ant; one would have supposed that a lizard might have made such a track which was about sixteen times as wide as the ant itself, yet was only used by the industrious little insects, constructed with a view to the large burdens they so oddly carried like parasols. In one place, in a sequestered road this track passed over the public way. The whole bank was undermined by them.

On the way to Marivale we passed through the coolie

village on that side of Trinidad, and seeing a large crowd assembled, and hearing strange sounds proceeding from the enclosure, I said to a woman, 'Can you please tell me what is going on?' 'Marrying,' said she, laconically. They say that Indian customs are observed by the coolies, and the wedding lasts one or two entire days. Drumming, called by courtesy—music, continued during the entire time, and the neighbours assemble around delighted with these cheerful strains.

March 14. On Saturday we started at 1.30 for a delightful sail down the islands. Words fail me to describe the countless forms of beauty which greeted us as we glided swiftly on, past the Five Islands, Pelican, (Caledonia, and Craig are counted as one), Lennigen, Nelson's or the coolie depôt, and Rock,* towards Gasparee, where our camp was to be pitched for the night. In point of fact we found a house there, provided with bedsteads and tables, but all the provisions, etc., had to be taken down, and we enjoyed our meals none the less because the mode of eating them was less conventional than usual. It was a lovely spot to stay in. Before us a tiny peninsula and two small bays, while the house perched within a stone's throw of the water, commanded exquisite views of the mainland, Chagaramas and the five islands, and behind the blue-purple shaded northern mountains, and the sparkling water lapping cool upon the shore.

It has been proposed that a floating dock should be

* Carreara or Prisoner's Island, and Cronstadt are a short distance from this.

constructed at Chagaramas. This would be a splendid thing for Trinidad if it could be carried out, and the water in Chagaramas Bay is so deep that great natural facilities are offered. It was in this bay that the Spaniards sunk their remaining fleet when they knew that further resistance to the English fleet under General Abercrombie and Admiral Harvey was useless, and the depth of the water is so great that no trace of the sunk vessels has ever since been found.

Life on the islands might be called Arcadian. The delicious air, the lovely scenery and the clear sparkling water rippling over the silver sand are things to dream of. The exquisite sea-bathing in a spot remote from fashion's eye where the warm sea water and the balmy air refresh and soothe one after city life, seems to exhilarate and satisfy one's being. Such a sea for bathing, such perfection of water, salt, but not briny enough to make one's eyes smart. One could float upon it with scarcely a ripple on its surface, and see the lovely mountains bounding the horizon and a few soft clouds flitting over the soft blue sky, and perhaps wheeling aloft, before he plunged to catch his prey, a strong-billed pelican, with wings wide spread, ready to swoop down suddenly upon the unwary fish with deadly aim.

Boom-shell bay where we bathed is a picturesque spot, and all our time was spent either boating, sketching, bathing, scrambling, eating or sitting beside the water. There is a lovely secluded spot on 'the peninsula,'

where a delicious cool breeze blows and where one might study undisturbed under the shade of a thick leaved mangrove tree by the water's edge, or one might ramble by an Arcadian path amongst the shrubs to the next bay and climb the hill behind the house enjoying ever varying scenes so lovely and so peaceful that in spirit one was led upwards to the Author of such perfection and to the thought of His omnipotence—and one was led also to feel that however far removed from one's former friends and home one might be, still His right hand was leading one. Oh! the loveliness of these islands, and of the ever changing sea, from dawn till sunset, all through a tropic day. Indeed one felt overwhelmed with gratitude for so much beauty and for all the kind hospitality which made one's happiness complete.

It was a Sunday and our worship that day was in the temple of Nature and one felt indeed that it was a service of praise so spiritual and perfect that although there was no temple there of man's erection, yet one's worship was none the less real, and one's realisation of God's goodness and mercy was intensified. Our sail back to Port of Spain towards the sunset was very beautiful and we arrived just as the church bells were chiming for evensong.

Mar. 21. We started by the steamer at 8.15 A.M. for Monos. It was a glorious day and although the week had been unsettled we had not a drop of rain. Down through the islands we steamed, calling at Chagaramas and the Five Islands, past Gasparee, on through scenes so beautiful and over such a gleaming sea that one was en-

chanted by the beauty which surrounded one. One longed to be more worthy of the joy thus permitted one of beholding such loveliness. Monos is very beautiful. We landed at Morrison Bay, where Mr Morrison, the white-bearded courteous proprietor, received us. He told me that he remembered Canon Kingsley very well, and that he had taken him about and showed him round the island some twenty years before, and that the site of the house he now inhabits was identical with that in which Canon Kingsley stayed. The present building is built on more lofty stilts, beneath which, when required, hammocks can be swung for visitors, and the charming bay with its cocoa-nut trees is much the same as when the author of *At Last* visited it, its mountains rising up behind and its atmosphere of peacefulness.

We walked from Morrison's Bay to the bay next to it and there took our first bathe which we enjoyed very much. The shore here is stony and the water more briny than at Gasparee. It is delightful though for bathing and so warm that one can remain in it for a long time without experiencing any ill effects. Then we moved on to the next bay with its jetty, and climbed the hill at the back from which we had a good view of the Bocca Huevos with its fine bold crag tree-crowned, rising from the sparkling waves, and its red-brown rock descending steeply into the deep below, while pearly clouds lay banked along the horizon line and a streak of foam severed the sea and land. Aloes sloped down to the shore and one tall golden 'maypole' was

in bloom against the glowing sky. The water shimmered down below.

We wended our way along the winding path which led over heights and hollows, amongst fairy-like verdure and dry, slippery paths to the loveliest point imaginable on the hill-top. The Bocca lay beneath dashing its sapphire waves against the heights of Huevos, tipped with silvery foam, while further seawards white horses rode upon the deep blue sea, and the balmy air and tropic noontide sun, made one's blood leap buoyantly and one felt indeed that God's work was great, and that here if any where nature was always praising Him.

So we sat on the hill-top looking seawards, I with my sketching things and my kind friends with their books, dreaming of the beauty which lay before us, and perhaps also of the old land beyond the sea on the far shores of the great water which washed against the crags we looked upon.

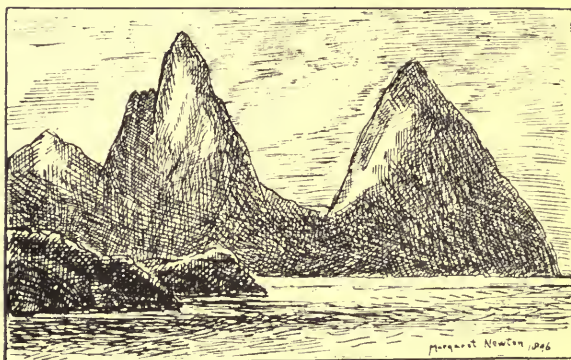
Mar. 23. The *Duart Castle* was advertised to sail at 12 P.M., and I was on board before that hour escorted by my kind and hospitable friends. For the last time I steered the *Desire* over the now tossing waters of the gulf. It was sunset however before we actually weighed anchor and my friends were obliged to leave me to solitary contemplation of the scene.

CHAPTER XI

TRINIDAD TO DOMINICA

MAR. 25. We reached Barbadoes last night and the day of rest spent at sea was refreshing after so much rambling as I had gone through in the last week of my stay in Trinidad. In the morning I landed and after preliminary arrangements about my trip to Jamaica on April 20th, started with my letter of introduction to call upon some friends at S. on the River Road, ten minutes' walk from Bridgetown. There I was hospitably received and invited to spend the day. And the house with its picturesque avenue of palm trees leading up to an old fashioned stone staircase with two banyan trees on either side the entrance, was an inviting looking retreat on a hot and glaring day. After the verdure of Trinidad the glare of Barbadoes is rather overwhelming. There is little to see in Bridgetown, though on my return there I looked into the Cathedral; a nice building, but not architecturally interesting. My friend telephoned for me to Mrs M—— at Bathsheba, to whom an introductory letter had already been written about me, and I made satis-

factory arrangements to go there on my return to Barbadoes.



THE PITONS, ST LUCIA.

Mar. 27. We reached Santa Lucia early in the morning, and had a fine view of the Pitons at 6 A.M. They are very impressive in their morning misty veil, rising crag-like from the sparkling sea. Rosy clouds tenderly floated round their summits and golden green slopes run down in the foreground, while far away a few small sailing-boats had ventured out upon the deep blue water.

At 9 A.M. armed with sketching impedimenta, I sallied forth escorted by two small black youths, James and Edwin. As I had on a previous occasion explored the hill road leading to Fort Mahon, on this occasion I took an opposite direction and in about three quarters of an hour, found myself on the most bewitching sandy shore

with the loveliest blue-green sparkling sea dashing in foaming waves upon a golden strand. It was shut in by palm trees, and framed by the wild sea-side grape, strewn with shells and sloping gently into clearest water which was so pure that it assumed a greenish shade until the sea grew deeper when it became a glowing ultramarine. In the foreground purple shadows dappled the golden sand.

We reached Martinique at 5.30 P.M., and I made a sketch from the steamer of the picturesquely situated town of St Pierre. I did not go ashore as it was nearly dark, though the moon shone brightly over the purple hills bringing out strong shadows in contrast to its own bright reflections. A number of small boys came out in tiny canoes to the ship, ready to dive for the smallest coin in the clear water. Several of them were



DIVING BOYS

attired only in their own brown skins, one or two wore straw hats, or a small pair of bathing-drawers.

Mar. 28. Soon after 6 A.M. we reached Dominica. It was raining fast and dark clouds hung over the mountains when I landed. My luggage was not opened. I suppose it did not look pretentious enough, and my boatman carried my small trunk upon his head up to the new town, past the English Church to Miss Callender's comfortable boarding-house, where I had been recommended to stay. The house was filled by Lord Carlyle's party. A room was procured near by for me till one in the house should be vacant.

PALM SUNDAY

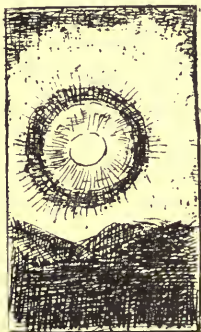
Mar. 30. Palm Sunday in a land of palms, and palm trees growing in front of the little English Church! Two large palm branches were placed in the sanctuary, and two small palms stood on either side of the altar, and the flowers all were white with lovely eucharis lilies and stephanotis. It is a nice little church, and has a reverently conducted service though the early celebration was not so well attended as one would have expected on Palm Sunday, and the Offertory was taken by an old coloured woman, who was most devout in her behaviour. Afterwards, I went to the French Catholic Cathedral, which was very well attended and the service was most reverent, the light came through all the open windows and doors upon the picturesque congregation, so many of whom were women and girls attired in their

short-waisted, print gowns made with long trains very much gathered at the back, and with their bright, new turbans and kerchiefs brought into harmony by their own varying shades of brown or black complexion. Yellow, orange, and scarlet, were, of course, the favourite colours, and in some cases the kerchief was of silk. The long trains are extremely picturesque, and owing to the habit of carrying all manner of articles upon their heads, from the largest trunk to the smallest mug or bowl (even letters are carried thus with a stone on the top), their deportment is both dignified and graceful.

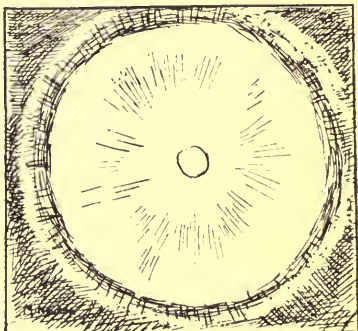
They were most civil and courteous in offering me a seat in the cathedral. I stood at the door for a moment, and some one at some distance up the aisle saw me and she immediately passed word down the intervening congregation asking me to occupy the vacant place beside her. They were so courteous that I could not refuse, and so I joined in the service for a short time. Bishop Naughton is said to be an earnest and very active man.

The people here are mostly French, and they are easily influenced. If the spirit moves them they go regularly to the English Church or if someone leads them elsewhere they follow there. In the afternoon, I climbed to the top of a hill where the very courteous owner invited me to return and make a sketch from his gallery, and indeed the view looking in the direction of the *soufrière* of the mountains purple shadowed, and the deep blue sea was a glorious subject. Both last

night and to-night the lunar rainbow has been very remarkable and very perfect. Last night the circle of the rainbow was smaller and the prismatic colours more brilliant than to-night when the circle was enormous, nearly as widely separated from the moon as an ordinary rainbow is from the earth.



SATURDAY



SUNDAY

It was a beautiful scene. The village green enclosed by its old brown wooden houses, with the little churchyard at one side. The high hills draped in shadow, wooded to the summits, and behind them rose the full moon encircled in her rainbow setting. The moonshine caught the glossy palm leaves in the foreground, casting silvery beams along their spreading branches in bright contrast to the prevailing shadow of the distant hills—and touching up the green itself, where peaceful groups reclined upon the well shorn grass, while others passed homewards, sedate and stately in their Sunday's dress of clean, bright print, their trains caught up a little at the back. Over

the old cobbled pavement of the ancient town of Roseau, with its quaint wooden tenements, the moonlight shone, peeping into many an open window, where the unsophisticated owners had retired to rest soon after sundown; glinting upon the streams which run mid-way in every street of the old town, built all parallel, touching the sea waves' edge as it rolled foaming in upon the shingly shore with its border of cocorites and wooden huts.

It is the fashion in Roseau for dwellings to be built as close to the sea as possible, so one is divided from the sea by them. It is delightful, however, to stroll in the pretty little public garden beside the fort, and to listen to the waves dashing upon the shore beneath, or to sit in the shade of palm trees there, and watch the changing lights upon the sea and hills, while the air around is fragrant with jessamine of different kinds, cannon ball tree and other sweet perfumes. It is pleasant also to roam down through the picturesque old market square, or round in front of the post office close by, or to walk towards the jetty by the side of the sea wall, and there at the hour of sunset or of moonlight, to look out on the ever changing sea and see the groups of men and women who assemble there, where the men at sunset hour mend there nets upon the sea wall; and then to retrace one's steps, and diving about a little through the quaint old streets to return to the new town by the Cathedral, and round again to the little English Church with its palms and pailing curtained with

bongainvillier facing the old fort in the high part of the town.

Mar. 31. I started at 7 A.M., when the hills were still covered with the purple bloom of early morning and walked by the sea-way to Pointe Michel, where I arrived in an hour, walking at a good pace all the way. Pointe Michel is a picturesque village, and here the houses are built back a little from the road which divides them from the shingly shore with its palm tree border. The women were occupied to a great extent in washing, as mountain streams run down at frequent intervals into the sea. I found that a walk to the *soufrière* which I had meditated taking would be extremely fatiguing, as one would have to go much further round and climb over some hilly roads and that a guide would have been almost a necessity, but that by taking a boat from Pointe Michel to the *soufrière* (1s 6d there and back), it would take a little over an hour and a half by water from this point for the return journey, and when landed, I could not easily mistake the way. So in a boat of primitive construction hollowed out of a solid trunk of wood with one youth to row and another to bail out the water with a broken calabash, and assist in rowing by a sort of oar or plank, which, however, owing to the tossing of the boat (for a considerable breeze was blowing, and the sea was choppy in some parts), proved more effectual for splashing water over me than as a means of hastening our progress, and was, eventually, when I had become well saturated, abandoned.

The soufrière village is built in a pleasant bay on a small savannah, and it took me about thirty-five minutes of quick walking to reach the soufrière, which is in itself most interesting. Its situation and the approach to it through a fertile valley, enclosed in a grand amphitheatre of hills, varied in form and draped with greenest vegetation, which shows here and there through rents, patches of rock grey and golden-hued, while, from the soufrière, looking back one has a fine view seawards, and Martinique can be distinguished on a clear day. The soufrière is divided into several parts one of which is said to be dangerous. The two small black youths who escorted me, struck off pieces of the sulphur crystal for me from the small round apertures from which hot sulphur fumes then exuded. When freshly broken, they were too hot to handle, but they quickly cooled. Lower down the spring which issued from the soufrière was quite hot, babbling along its winding way, shaded with loveliest silver ferns, mosses, guavas and lime trees, growing cooler as it rippled on. And all around the grand hills towered, beautiful with Nature's lavish raiment of palms and tropical verdure.

My little guide gathered guavas for me which I ate skin and all and found most refreshing. Then he took a frond of the silver fern laid it on the back of one bronze hand and clapped it smartly with the other, which produced a silver impression of the leaf. It is a lovely valley, awe-inspiring and solitary with only one break in the vast amphitheatre which lies next the soufrière village.

The boys brought me back to the boat, passing on the way a tank fed partly by the sulphur spring where a number of small black urchins were disporting themselves in the milky looking water. A few pennies were gratefully received by my little guide, and quite a number of women and boys came down to push off my boat from the shingly shore.

The views between Pointe Michel and the soufrière seen from the sea are very beautiful, especially in the morning shadows with the light glistening down the sides of the fine cliffs and blazing upon the rippling sea, as the marvellous variety of mountain forms rose in majestic wooded heights sheer from the waves.

In the afternoon I rambled over the shore towards the Roseau river. But although there are many picturesque points of view, it is not a pleasant place to explore, as all the refuse of the neighbourhood is thrown out there. I sat for some time, however, on the sea wall, admiring the varying afternoon lights and shadows on the distant hills before the sunset hour. I was tired after my morning's excursion, and merely sat enjoying the view. A crowd soon assembled round me inquiring where I came from, etc. I told them I had come to see the sun set, and they said, 'Ye no ebber see sunset afore?' and they too turned to look at it. A man was fishing beside me and he threw a little useless fish down on the wall beside me. I took it up, and after asking his permission flung it back into the sea. This entertained them very

much, and more people assembled to hear what I had done! They are easily amused.

Afterwards I walked in the lovely little public gardens on a cliff beside the sea, and here one gains the most exquisite views of sunset flashing across the sea, and sinking behind the glancing waves leaving a long dazzling path of light, with no land to intervene, while below the white waves break upon the shingly shore with a perpetual rush. The palms and tropical shrubs grow luxuriantly in this lovely peaceful spot, round which a path runs close to the cliff's edge, and seats are placed where one may pause under the shadow of a great sand box tree and look out upon the brightness of the waves.

It is a spot to dream in. A scene so romantic and so exquisite, so replete with the charm of serenity and balmy influence that one returns there again and again at the sunset hour, when the travellers' palms are streaked with gold as they stand fan-like with leaves of tenderest green, and the air is sweet with oleander, jessamine, and the blossom of the cannon ball.

Below, upon the shore, the fisher-wives barefoot and balancing on their turbaned heads their trays, or bamboo woven baskets, are taking a short way homewards, round the cliff along the grey strip of sand which underlies the garden, and a few boats are rocking gently in the deep blue sea, while others are speeding with white sails spread back to Pointe Michel. Lizards dart incessantly across the pathway, and humming birds flash past one or gleam like jewels as a ray of sunshine falls upon



The Roseau Valley

their iridescent plumage. Parasol ants too are busy with their loads of rose leaves or greenery, and there is a constant whirl of insect life. Glimpses, too, one has of humanity in this lovely garden—but one is not disturbed by it. Nature speaks to one, and one is thrilled by the beauty and the poetry of life.

April 2. *The Mountain Lake.* Starting after a variety of delays at 7 A.M., I arrived at the mountain lake after about three hours of slow riding. On the way I saw some of the most lovely scenery I have ever witnessed. Beautiful indeed, surpassingly beautiful is the Roseau valley with its grand wooded cliffs and distant mountains, and its rushing, foaming river as it passes over stones and with many windings, gains at length the sea. Palms grow near the river and limes flourish here. Indeed Dominica limes are famous, and much of the celebrated Montserrat lime-juice is really produced from them.

The night had been unusually cool and in the tropics this is an unfailing sign of a fair day, and indeed the sunshine was bright and the sky blue, though in the morning a few clouds just added to the dreamy effect of the mountains casting downy-purple shades across them and bringing out the grand cliffs in stronger effect of varied grandeur. Looking back as one ascended by a somewhat steep path, one gained the most indescribably beautiful glimpses of the valley, and as one mounted higher, of the sea. One wound up and up looking down into Providence valley, on the left as one ascended and approaching ever nearer to one's destination, the

Lake Mountain and its Mountain Lake. One passed the road on the right, which leads to the little village of Laudat situated on a high table land halfway up the mountain, but one did not get near to it. The same way also leads to the boiling lake, a vast *soufrière*. The water is said to boil up in the centre, and the entire lake is too hot for anyone to put the hand into. A guide was killed by the boiling water not long ago, being found dead in it.

The boiling lake is somewhat difficult to reach, and one can only ride a part of the way with a good scramble at the end. Streams, jet black and of different colours, issue from this lake. Within a short ride of Roseau in the Roseau Valley, are the sulphur springs which are reached by a road running along the right bank of the river, whereas the lake is reached by the other side. The Mountain Lake is not in itself a remarkable sight, though it is pretty, and the as yet perfectly wild, wooded hills which encircle it together with the peaceful aspect of the scene, and the pure, cool, mountain air, are things to be enjoyed keenly. However, just a little further on, about a quarter of a mile, a far more interesting point of view is reached.

At the highest point of the road a rough wooden cross is erected in a place where the grand bold outline of the closely wooded mountains is far finer than immediately beside the lake. Truly it is a place in which to worship the creator of such sublimity, a shrine, sacred with the consecration of God's own handwriting where the

pomp and vanity of life are banished and one's soul is strengthened and refreshed, and overpowered with gratitude to the Author of all loveliness, who has led one into scenes so fair, amongst a people so kind and courteous as these West Indians. Then on just a little further and a lovely valley, verdant and broken up into miniature glens lies before one running down until it terminates in the most charming sandy bay imaginable, where a white fringe of foam borders the sapphire sea and the sea blends with the azure sky, while to the left a grand purple mountain range appears with just a glimpse far beyond the shimmering haze of ocean of the faintly discerned outline of Marie Galante and possibly of Guadeloupe

It is a glorious scene. Far and near mountains and hills are softly wooded with full grown trees, reminding one of giant moss tufts like those on the old secluded walls at home and near by emerald tree ferns and balisiers with their cool green verdure seem to entrap the sunbeams and to flash golden where the sunlight glimmers through. Around one wild begonias bloom and the wild white passion-flower twines over an old grey stone. Our horses crop the rich grass by the winding roadside and I sit by the wayside deferentially, to sketch one aspect of a scene so exquisite. Around one are several lovely scenes, but time is limited and after over three hours in the saddle one does not feel anxious to sit still too long. One must absorb as many memories as possible however.

Oh, the beauty of the ferns! the giant tree ferns like young palms, with their emerald crests rising from tall grey stems clothing most of the hill sides and sometimes shading the path we rode along, and the silver fern, the lycopodium and the many varieties of maiden hair and other hot-house ferns. Flowers too there are in abundance, and loveliest-humming birds darting to and fro amongst them, vying with the butterflies in brilliancy of hue. Some sweet voiced songsters there are amongst them too. In some parts of the island wild parrots are found and they are used for food and esteemed a great delicacy, though it sounds strange to eat them! A fine looking black boy brought us cool mountain water to drink in a pitcher made by a curled banana leaf, and our Ganymede poured it for me into a smaller leaf from which it tasted delicious.

After we had descended more than half the way we retraced our steps somewhat and visited the cascades which are well worth seeing and even at this time of year, the close of the dry season, they were well filled with water.

There are several waterfalls near together which supply the Roseau River and flow from the mountain lake breaking from the high plateau on which Laudat is situated in these fine cascades. One is higher and more remarkable than the others. The base of the fall is raised considerably above the valley, and huge boulders lead up to it. It has no pool at its base, though its twin, if one may so designate the other fuller but less lofty

considerable depth. They are the most remarkable tropical cascades I have yet seen, and they are reached by a ride so beautiful that it is as a dream to think of so much loveliness. Grand scenes surround one, wild massive cliffs running down into the most verdant valley, tree-crowned and draped with purple shadows, while enclosing the valley rises the wall of rock, curtained by glorious emerald tree ferns stately as young palm trees but growing so close together, they remind one of gigantic moss clubs of equal height and size while glistening balisiers unfurl their waving verdure and air roots strung like the cords of a gigantic violin form a ladder for loveliest purple vines to mount upon.

Lilies too, scarlet tinged with orange, grow wild near to this as well as in other localities of this fertile island. Lilies, surely, not unlike those our Lord alluded to when He said that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. And truly at home in the emerald grass, they looked well worthy of consideration. They are like those we grow at home in our conservatories, and think much of there, but here nature produces them unaided. Jewelled humming-birds gleam amongst them, scarce mindful of the passer-by if one moves gently while countless lizards and many coloured butterflies, and now and then a sweet-voiced bird join in this great benediction.

The sunset glory, too, steals gently over the lovely valley as we turn our horses' heads homewards. A

rose-red gleam flushes the purple crags, and intensifies the depths of shade, while looking seawards we catch a glimpse of the sun's last dazzling brightness behind the purple waves as he sinks to rest. The blood-red clouds like waves of molten gold seethe in the roseate hues of tropic after-glow touched as they rise farther from the horizon's gorgeous colouring, with flakes of richest purple which melt into a sort of pearly blue. Then swiftly, as in a transformation scene, the glow and shimmer wane and vanish, and a soft, cool amethystine shade fades to a warm grey and then to the intense blue in which the stars shine gently and the balmy night wind rattles the palms leaves by the shingled shore where the white fringed waves come tumbling in and dash themselves beneath the lovely garden on the cliff with its romantic walks and lovely flowers, where one might sit and muse in happy fellowship. We had a gallop home through the valley and then I went to see this parting glory of the sunset in the lovely garden by the sea.

EASTER 1896

April 5. To spend Holy Week and Easter Sunday in so peaceful and so devout a place as Dominica is to spend it profitably, and the pretty little English Church with its reverent services and its simple kindly congregation gave one a feeling of rest and Easter joy. Such an Easter in such a land! The church was prettily decorated with quantities of eucharis lilies, scarlet lilies, and stephanotis, long trails of the latter were twisted round the pulpit

stair. Indeed it grew here and in Trinidad much as honeysuckle does at home with very little more trouble.

The early service at 7.30 on Easter morning was well attended. It was a holy, happy day to me, and I spent a long time in the lovely garden, when the cool evening breeze sprang up after a day of intense heat. I think I really felt the heat more in Dominica than in Trinidad. To me the savannah in the latter place always afforded a sense of liberty, which, perhaps, I have missed in this most lovely island, yet I am glad to have seen this lovely place, and to have known something of the kindly people here.

Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday. I had begun to sketch the very picturesque old market on Saturday, and I returned to my work on both Monday and Tuesday, though it is only on Saturday that the marvellously bright groups assemble. On other days, the market square only contains a few groups of figures. Some people living near the corner of the street kindly invited me to sketch from their house, and sent several messages for me to come there, but, of course, since I had already begun my painting, this was impossible, so they most courteously presented me with lovely flowers to wear. Indeed, I had many lovely floral presents during my stay in Dominica, eucharis lilies, roses, stephanotis, and a sort of forget-me-not. I generally had a spray of them to wear for dinner presented to me by people who had watched me sketch, and I think my sketches here and elsewhere in the West Indies have afforded a good deal

of interest to the inhabitants, for a crowd, more or less large, invariably assembled round me. Of course, in a sketch of the market, where a large number of figures were grouped together, more or less gorgeously attired, the excitement became more intense, and an incessant jargon was carried on around me in very loud voices. I understood only a little of the Dominican patois, which is much more French than English; broken French it might be called, with a mixture of Spanish, and peculiarly constructed sentences.

April 8. My last day in Dominica. I finished my sketch near Miss Callender's house of the shadowy mountains and village green, and then started for a ride, first to Pointe Michel, and then over the steep mountain to the soufrière village. Riding, one takes over an hour, whereas by boat, the distance is much less and can be accomplished in less than half an hour. But from the shoulder of the hill one enjoys views so beautiful that one is well repaid for the somewhat toilsome ascent and the perpetual ups and downs and zigzagging which, however, disclose many beautiful scenes of exquisitely wooded valleys, distant peaks, and the deep blue sea with its wave crested shore. One sees, also, quantities of beautiful scarlet lilies, shaded with orange, on these hills, and here they grow more profusely than in other places I had yet visited.

My horse, however, was the most uncomfortable beast I had ever ridden. The rod I carried had no effect, and I should really have preferred walking to riding him.

Fortunately, when I arrived at the village and had rested for a little, Mr ———, was able to get a really delightful little mare, a most spirited animal which had only carried a lady twice before, and she simply galloped up the steep hill on the other side of the souffrière valley to Petit Couliebrie, a spot from which we had a charming view of the sea, and Martinique was distinctly visible just thirty miles away from that point of view. Then we cantered down again.

My little steed became very lively indeed and insisted upon cantering down the mountain side. She was splendidly sure-footed and not at all vicious, and I had merely to hold on to the reins tightly and think of nothing else, but as we came near the foot of the hill my stirrup leather broke, and as my saddle was devoid of any crutch for the left knee, I narrowly escaped being tossed over her head. However the gentleman who rode the very steady horse I had originally started with was in no danger of being run away with. He politely gave me one of his leathers, informing me as he did so that he had quite expected to see me over the little mare's head, as only two ladies had ever ridden her before and that was the fate they met with! Fortunately I was able to pull up in time to have the leather altered before a new fit of liveliness came on.

I was obliged to get a man to take back my other horse over the mountain and to return as far as Pointe Michel by boat, as I could not face another mountain climb on so obstinate and lazy a horse, and I hated beating him.

At Pointe Michel Mr —— kindly changed horses with me and I rode back pleasantly to Roseau. One peculiarity of the horses here is that they cannot trot; they are always trained to canter or walk fast. As there are no carriage roads in the island they are only used for riding and generally walk with a pleasant quick step. I never tried mule-riding. Mules pull so dreadfully that they make one's arms sore for days afterwards, though they are strong and sure-footed.

We entered the boat from the *soufrière* just as the setting sun flushed the evening sky and gleamed over the now silent sea. I spent about six hours in the saddle and so ended my last excursion in Dominica.

April 9. The *Taymouth Castle* sailed at 12 noon. We had many fine views of the southern portion of the island with its grand mountains and majestic scenery. We reached Martinique about 4 P.M. and as it was too damp to sketch, I walked round past the cemetery, and then mounted a winding road to a place named, I think, Mont Orage, from which one gets a very fine view of the town and harbour of S. Pierre—one could get a nice sketch there too, if the weather were favourable. Then I descended by a street which brought me direct to the wharf. An unusually large number of boys, some quite big ones, came out to dive for coins, and I must say that in none of the British Islands does one see such big boys as one does here, without any attempt at garments in which to dive.

We did not sail for Santa Lucia until midnight, and it was raining so much that I was glad to 'turn in' at an early hour. The day had been very close and oppressive, and S. Pierre is a close town. I should not care to stop there.

April 10. We reached Santa Lucia at 6.30 A.M. and I started at once for a walk before the 8.30 breakfast. This time, I went straight on past the church, climbing a hill from which I had an exceedingly good view of the harbour and town of Castrés with Fort Mahon behind. It is, I think, much the best view of the place if one wanted to sketch it, but it is hot and close there, and I had a furious headache which somewhat impeded my energy. Being only human I was obliged to submit. After breakfast I started again for Fort Mahon. By this time, the sun was hot and when I got more than three quarters of the way up, I felt so good for nothing that I sat down under the refreshing shade of a large mango tree. An old coloured woman saw me and stood still, 'Vous êtes malade?' 'Fatigué?' I said, it was nothing, but all the same I daresay I looked somewhat forlorn for two nice little coloured girls came by, aged about seventeen, and after trying to talk patois to me they succeeded by means of French in expressing their sympathy with me, and insisted on carrying my sketching-book and stool for me, to the top of the hill where they inquired if they might accompany me and stay with me, or show me about. They were both dressed in such pretty fresh print dresses with trained skirts and kerchiefs.

I said I would sit on the grass under another mango tree on the far side of the fort from which a very lovely view of mountain ranges is gained, with a valley in the foreground enclosed by cocoanut palms. It was very hot and I was so weary and prostrated by my headache which was splitting by this time, that I lay down flat in the grass. Marie and her friend sat or lay at my feet for about an hour, and then they rose and said farewell to me, Marie saying that she would come to the steamer and see me off.

I stayed there about three hours and the cool pure air and quiet were refreshing and made me feel better, but I did not feel inclined to return to the ship for lunch and she was not to sail till 3 P.M. Just then a lady who lived near came towards me with a young cocoanut and tumbler in which to drink the water, a most reviving beverage, and a spoon to eat the jelly. She offered it so courteously too, and I felt much the better for her kindness, but still disinclined to descend the hill till the last moment, so I sat on, and what does the kind lady do next, but send over tea, eggs, and bread, for my lunch, without asking my permission! It was so graciously done that I accepted it in the spirit in which it was sent, and the result was, that my headache vanished! Too late alas! for me to sketch the scene which I would gladly have remembered. However I went round to the little house to thank my kind hostess for her attentions.

The people in Santa Lucia are very simple and unsophisticated. I was amused at the way in which they

catechised me about my personal history, etc., and several of the girls invited me to take them with me, before they knew where I came from.

Dear little Marie in her lilac print, was waiting for me at the foot of the hill, and as we steamed off she kept waving her large conical straw hat to me. We had some very fine views of the Pitons, and the sun did not set until we had left the lovely island of Santa Lucia behind us. I did not make the acquaintance of any *fer-de-lance* snakes, though I spent most of the morning under a mango tree which they are said to climb when the fruit is ripe—and it was almost ripe to-day—although I lay flat on my back in fairly long grass for about three hours. Lizards I saw numbers of, also ants and some bees, and several humming birds and there are a good many of these little jewelled creatures in the island.

CHAPTER XII

BARBADOES (BATHSHEBA)

APRIL 11. We reached Barbadoes about 7 A.M. and I went ashore at nine o'clock. My things were not opened at the custom house, and the customs officers most kindly allowed them to stay at the house until it was time to start by the 12.45 P.M. Saturday train for Bathsheba. In the meantime I walked over to S—— where my friends were still living though the house was to be given up in a few days. They received me very kindly and telephoned to let Mrs M—— know at what hour to expect me at Bathsheba. I had found letters awaiting me in Bridgetown, and I wrote some cards to go by the day's mail, and did a little necessary shopping before train time. There are very good shops in Bridgetown and many of the proprietors are gentlemen which makes it very pleasant when one has purchases to make—everywhere I met with the greatest kindness and courtesy.

At 12.45, I started by train for Bathsheba on the North



Bathsheba, Barbadoes.

East coast. It took very nearly two hours to get there as the train is a slow one, but the way being entirely new was interesting to me. Barbadoes is flat for the most part, and is very closely cultivated, to a great extent with sugar canes and one sees a number of windmills in connection with these estates all over the island. There is a certain air of sprightliness about Barbadoes which has an attraction of its own. The atmosphere is very bright owing to the coral formation of the rock and owing also to the scarcity of trees. There is little protection from the direct rays of the sun. The train is a most inexpensive one. For the two hours I spent in it, the cost of a single first-class ticket was 1s 2d ; 7d is the price third-class for a distance of about eighteen miles. The first and third class carriages are precisely alike, but the latter are much more crowded on market days. The seashore at Bathsheba is very fine, and the grand rolling waves which come thundering in upon the rocks and strand in stormy weather are finer than any in the West Indies.

April 16. It has been very stormy since I came, and I have been often reminded of Matthew Arnold's description in the 'Forsaken Merman.'

'Now the great winds shoreward blow ;
Now the salt tides seawards flow ;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.'

Then, too, from the house I am staying in, when it is too wild and stormy to go out one still sees the 'little grey church, on the windy hill, St Margaret's, and below

at the end of a charming bay with its golden sands, are the most bewitching caverns and arches in the coral rock, a place one might expect to find mermaids in 'sand-strewn caverns cool and deep, where the winds are all asleep, where the spent lights quiver and gleam, where the salt weed sways in the stream.'

There one finds the loveliest deep bathing-pool imaginable, with warm pure salt water washing in through coral arches, still foaming from the breakers which roar outside, yet entering gently this sand-strewn cavern, cool and deep. One might spend hours in this warm sea without sustaining any ill effects. The water is quite warm from the Gulf Stream, much warmer than at the islands of Trinidad. One might paint it in as a setting for a mermaid, or as an exquisite background for Andromeda and Perseus. I had started alone one day to bathe, when the sheep-dog Jack decided to accompany me. As a rule he is not very attentive to new-comers, so I felt honoured by his attention. However, as the waves were rather large he barked a great deal, and whenever he saw me dip my head under water or try to swim he snapped at my arm or hair by way of protecting me, a process I did not enjoy, but I could not make him see the foolishness of such behaviour. Though I determined to bathe without him next time, it was curious how determined he was to keep me under his protection.

April 16. The last two days have been so very wet that sketching has been quite impossible. Between

the showers I have taken my friend Jack (the dog) for a run over the sands, and to-day I have been reading Matthew Arnold's poems, and Chaucer's *Knights Tale* aloud to some children who are staying here. A school friend of theirs joined us for part of the time, and they all chatted pleasantly to me. I also wrote several necessary letters and did some mending. My friend Jack followed me about like a shadow all the day.

I am glad I climbed to the top of the high hill Hackleton, before the rain began. From it one has a fine view for miles round the island, and one can see the sea on both sides. It is quite a good climb up to it too. I had not expected to find any hill so high in Barbadoes, and the scenery looking towards 'Scotland' is really wild and impressive when the grand waves come rolling in, and the sea is white with foam. Joe's River is also a pretty place, though it is only what one would call a stream. It is just beside the house, and by the steep sides numbers of golden may-pole alces are in bloom, and they contrast delightfully with the blue foam-bordered sea, and its silvery sands, and the generally soft, greyish brown tone of the country which is burnt very brown just now from want of rain. It has, however, rained every day since I came. I hope the weather will enable me to sketch a little before I leave, though indeed one feels greatly benefited by the enforced rest.

April 29. Yesterday was the first fine day since I came.

I sketched the Frog Rocks, taking in the Scotland hills and the stretch of coast scenery. The waves had subsided somewhat though they still rolled in grandly against the rocks, and the blue look had come back again to the water which during the storm had become a sort of yellow green broken into snowy waves. In the afternoon I took Jack for a long walk over the beautiful strand, round and beyond Chalkey Hill. I was obliged to take off my shoes and stockings to ford Joe's River which was considerably swollen by the recent rains. It was not remarkably pleasant, as one had to wade through thick black mud, and of course, Jack was delighted to see me in the water, and jumped round me, scattering the black mud in showers. He was very enthusiastic in his hunt for crabs, and some of them, tolerably large ones, managed to pinch his nose sharply for him, so he barked, and chased them in a most excited manner.

On the shore I found a good many pretty shells, and saw a good deal of wild arrowroot growing by the shore. The root is not unlike yams or potatoes, and the leaf is oblong, and rather upright. All along the shore at intervals are sunken coral reefs. The Atlantic rolls in grandly upon the smooth sand, breaking over the reefs that impede its way in wild foaming billows. I went with the children staying here to spend the evening with friends of theirs at a house quite near to us.

The moon was shining through the palm trees which shaded the gallery of the house, and from its elevated situation we could see miles on either side the bay. On Sunday there was no service in St Margaret's until 7 P.M. Only one weekly service is held there, and only one monthly celebration of the Holy Communion. On the shore the wild waves chanted a stately *Te Deum*, the white spray rising incense-like towards the blue dome of heaven. Perhaps I was not sorry thus to worship in so fair a temple, so far removed from the tumult of life, yet so near to the Maker and Ruler of the winds and waves. It was in any case a holy, peaceful day to me. The nearest church was three-and-a-half miles distant, too far to walk on a day when tropical showers were falling.

April 20. In the morning I started by the 8.45 train for Bridgetown, where I arrived in about two hours. The journey is really very pretty where it runs along the coast and Fortesque's estate with its windmill is picturesque. I spent the day with my friends. Fortunately I had called at the bank and made all arrangements for my journey early in the day as it rained very heavily in the afternoon. It was pouring when I left, and I was sorry to bid farewell to my kind friends. That is the worst of travelling, one no sooner begins to care for people than one is obliged to leave them, with little pro-

spect of meeting again; but as the Italians say, '*Ché sarà, sarà.*' I arrived on board the fine *R.M.S.S. Parà* at about 4.45 P.M. There are only about forty-six first-class passengers on board so I was given a very comfortable state-room for myself in the bows of the ship with two portholes, and a very cheerful roomy place it is. I expect to be very comfortable during my next four days on board.

CHAPTER XIII

JACMEL, JAMAICA

APRIL 23. The only land we passed since leaving Barbadoes was St Vincent and St Lucia. We passed those islands at midnight on Monday, but as it was raining, even had one been awake at that hour it would have been impossible to see the peaks of St Vincent. This morning the attentive, little coloured steward who takes care of my state-room called me at 5 A.M. I rose at once and with the first rays of dawn, saw the outlines of Hayti from my portholes. I had my early cup of coffee at 5.30 while I dressed, and was on deck at 5.45 A.M., a little while before we reached Jacmel. To the right rose what appeared to be the highest mountain, a table mountain. The town itself, as seen from the ship is picturesque with mountain ranges behind. It reminded me more of the situation of St Pierre at Martinique than of any other West Indian place I have seen.

Crowning the hill on which Jacmel stands, is the

Cathedral with its twin towers, and behind—seen just at sunrise, the blue ethereal looking hills. Nearer and darker were closely wooded hills, while in the foreground, just under the Cathedral is the Custom house, an imposing looking building. To the right, a little way apart is the fort, and below it the hill terminates, not exactly in cliffs, but somewhat abruptly, and the white line of waves breaks in upon the shore. Behind an intervening hill still appears the summit of the table mountain. To the left the land is wooded and the yellow brown rock appears in patches crowned with green—and then the hills grow gradually lower for a time.

Further on, however, one gets some charming views of mountain ranges, and parts of the island are certainly beautiful, though there is less of grandeur than one sees in some of the other islands. We only stayed about an hour at Jacmel. There was no time to land, had we felt inclined to do so, but the captain assured me that Jacmel is a much nicer place when viewed from the ship than from closer quarters, and certainly it was a very pleasant way to see it from such a comfortable position on the deck.

It is expensive travelling by H.M.R.M.S., but they are undeniably most comfortable and commodious. Hitherto I had not travelled in a really first-class steamer and certainly the change was an agreeable one, though I managed very well before. It feels more like being in a good hotel than on board ship, and the rest and comfort of it all, and the good care that is taken of one,

makes one feel well and lively. 12 P.M. It has been drizzling for the last hour and we are far out at sea again, no land in sight. Yesterday, the marvellous sparkling waves of the intensely blue Caribbean Sea were beautiful indeed, and the flying fish were in sight again.

JAMAICA

April 24. My kind little steward called me before dawn. I rose at once in time to see the first rosy gleam behind the downy shadows of the Blue Mountains, which towered majestically range behind range. Jamaica used to be called the 'West Indian heart of the British crown,' yet the other islands are also beautiful. The mails went ashore at Port Royal. We then sailed into the beautiful harbour, fringed with palm trees, and so deep that the great royal mail steamer, *Parà* came up alongside the wharf and landed passengers there about 7.30 A.M. A pleasant breeze swept through the streets of Kingston, which appeared small to me after the Port of Spain. The town itself is not interesting, but in the neighbourhood are many beautiful excursions, and in the distance rise the grand Blue Mountains. The colours worn here are much more subdued than in most of the other islands. This struck me at once. The people are very civil and kindly.

Tram cars run through the principal parts of the town, fare 3d or 2½d when a number of tickets are taken in advance, and buses, really private buggies, may be had for 6d within certain boundaries, luggage is extra. I went at once to the Deaconess's Home at the furthest end of Hanover Street, a very pleasant airy house where Sister M—— received me most kindly and invited me to stay for breakfast. In the evening an 'At Home' was given in the large hall beside the Home to the members of the Temperance Society, and the members assisted by friends of the Society had a sort of concert and reading with ices and refreshments at the conclusion of the first part. Then a Jamaican lady most kindly took me home with her for the night, and my first night in Jamaica was spent in dreamless sleep, for indeed I was thoroughly weary.

Next morning I spent at the Deaconess's Home until train time. The journey to Mandeville is remarkable for the very pastoral views it discloses. The country is really very like England. It is all more or less carefully cultivated and looks very green. Silk cotton trees, mangoes, a few palms, bread-fruit trees and bananas are there, also orange trees. At this season, however, it is rare to see a tree with golden fruit upon it, and the blossom is just over which a month ago perfumed the air. The vegetation is not quite so luxuriant as in Trinidad. Meadows, where sleepy eyed cattle browse under the deep shade of mango clumps, sleek and comfortable looking, have a home-like look. Horses too, pasture

upon the rich grass and donkeys and mules chew it surreptitiously as they jog along with paniers laden. Smart little black pigs run contentedly about their owner's dwellings or take their seat on the door step, twinkling their small, bright eyes at the passer-by, much as a friendly dog might do at home, while their canine companion lies full stretch in the shade of the gallery. Every house, small or large, appears to have its pet pig—dogs are rarer—and very intelligent some of these privileged creatures look, very different to the slovenly looking prisoner in a piggery.

Pomeracs scatter their magenta tassels over terra cotta coloured roads. We pass two rivers which contain but little water at present; one is dry altogether during the season when no rain falls. It is so green, fertile and well cultivated that one is constantly reminded of the Emerald Isle. As the train nears Porus it winds higher and higher up a steady ascent, disclosing more clearly glimpses of mountain ranges of an ethereal blue in the distance, with nearer and nearer ridges dark with foliage until we reach Williamsfield where we alight for Mandeville. Sister L. was going to stay at the Rectory and the Bishop most kindly insisted upon my taking a seat in his buggy for the drive of five miles. It is a pretty winding road which leads to Mandeville, though the scenery is not characteristically tropical.

The village is 2000 feet above the sea, and is exactly like an English village with its square-towered, ancient church and the village green in front, round which are

grouped the post office, market, dispensary and the few shops that the village boasts of. And then encircling the horizon are those wonderful, intensely transparent cobalt-hued hills. The red brown soil of the roads is bordered with grey unmortared walls which enclose orange or banana orchards or shut in fertile meadows or rose-garlanded dwellings where shady galleries are festooned with purple bougainvillier and the presence of myriad violets is felt rather than seen. Nasturtiums, balsams, heliotrope, sunflowers, petunias, begonias and the well-known monthly rose greet one familiarly. Daisies near akin to the 'wee modest crimson tipped flower' look homelike after warmer regions. The rectory surrounded by emerald meadows nestles in the sunshine a short distance from the church. The boys and men touch their foreheads to one and the girls or women courtesy or bow, if their heads are heavily laden they smile cheerfully and show their pearly teeth, and if the burden is not too heavy an abbreviated bow is made.

Though the name Jamaica means 'the land of springs,' less water is used or obtainable it appears to me than in Trinidad or Dominica. In Mandeville I had a bath in a sort of dug-out or large tub hollowed out of a tree. It seems certainly more English, but when one has been accustomed to the large cistern-like baths of other islands which are filled daily about three feet deep, and through which the water flows perpetually and in some of which one could nearly swim, one's bathing seems restricted in tubs.

It is true that one requires to grow accustomed to those larger baths, for it is somewhat startling to an English woman to have to march across a courtyard (which is overlooked by nearly all the bedroom windows in the house), where one is likely to meet all or any of the inmates, messengers, servants, or even the domestic cow being led out towards the savannah by its coolie caretaker, the dogs eager for their morning's walk, the cats, tortoises, ducks, and hens, to say nothing of fruit women, laundresses or fowl vendors, eager to exhibit the superiority of their wares—and all this when one is attired in a dressing-gown and slippers, and with one's hair waving in the wind. One has to pick one's way through the crowd of friendly creatures, over cobble stones. On the roof above, the city scavengers (vultures), roost motionless after some filthy banquet. Aloft in wide swift circuits, float their watchful brethren, and then down like an arrow do they swoop as from their exalted position in mid air their keen vision—or is it smell?—detects some new object to be pounced upon. Rapid and fine is their swoop in mid air, but most ungainly is the way they flop about the ground or straddle up and down, selfish and self-conscious. Useful they may be but they are repulsive looking and as they scuffle in the busy street for some infinitesimal object, mouse, bat or bird they appear most undignified.

MANDEVILLE

The Mile Gulley mountain is the most striking feature of the scenery at Mandeville, and in the early morning the climate here is delicious. Such sunshine ! and such misty blue haze upon the hills and trees and such a sheen of dew drops upon the emerald grass and bananas ! But the rainy season has begun here, and *all* the afternoons have been wet. One day a heavy hail shower fell as we were having lunch. We rushed to the windows and picked up hail-stones as large as marbles. This was almost unprecedented. A lady who has lived in Jamaica all her life never remembered such an occurrence before.

I had introductions to two ladies staying in Newleigh, and they have been extremely kind driving me to church and taking me to the flower show, and telling me what is most worth seeing on the coast. The flower show was rather like a cottage garden show at home ; but some of the orchids were lovely. The market, where the show was held was very prettily decorated with brown orchids and wild pines with purple flowers, also century plant and palm leaves. The orchids, caladiums and calla lilies interested me most. One caladium was an ivory colour with pearly grey and lavender shades through it. There were also roses, petunias, geraniums, ferns, balsams, and other familiar flowers for it is found that most English flowers and vegetables will flourish here as well as at home. Potatoes grow very well in Jamaica,

also beet, onions, strawberries (wild ones), peas, beans, and indeed, almost anything that people will take the trouble to cultivate.

April 30. I was shocked this morning to hear of the death of Miss ——whom I had met in Kingston at the At Home. Almost the last thing she did before she was taken ill was to write a very kind letter of introduction for me to a friend of hers here, and to-day we heard of her death from diphtheria. She looked so strong and bright and active when I saw her. She was a sort of pioneer in Jamaica for women's work, having educated herself and won the respect of all who knew her. She was appointed Registrar for Kingston, and was really the chief bread winner for her family consisting of several sisters and an invalid mother. Truly, the ways of God are beyond our comprehension, yet doubtless her work was done.

Mandeville is so like an English village that it is perhaps a little disappointing to the artist whose soul longs for what is tropical and strange. Yet in England we do not often have the indescribable radiance of these Jamaica mornings so balmy, and serene, and glorious. My room faces south-east and directly the first gleams of sunrise fall upon my window, I rise, and then, enraptured by the loveliness around before the downy mist has risen from the glistening foliage and grass, I hurry forth to revel in the resplendent beauty of these mornings.

May 2. I have been to the Holy Communion in the

peaceful church to-day, driven there by my kind friend Mrs ——. As I write, the rose-bush opposite my window wafts its fragrance across the path. Behind it the fresh verdure of a mango, glossy and verdant, makes a good background. To the left a hillock rises studded with grey stones and in the far distance like a gem set in verdant tracery stand the far blue hills. Cloud shadows of tender blue contend with rosy sunbeams for supremacy. Gleams of gold and rose-colour and faintest green, flash out from blue cloud-shadows, and warm, grey clouds with golden linings float calmly above the hills. The king *corbeau* wheels high—almost within reach of cloud-land, and then, poising easily for a brief space, descends swiftly to his roost in the grove near by.

The soft wind rustles the palms to the right, and their grey stems curve upwards from the luxuriant grass. Below the house are orange-trees, but no fruit is to be seen at present, and on the left broad emerald-leaved bananas are unfurled. Surmounting the hill on which the house stands are crimson and brown-leaved *acala-phas*, and the scent of violets growing beneath the window is wafted in to me. It has been a peaceful time, and to-morrow my travels begin again. My next stage will be Montego Bay.

I have not spoken of the market which in Mandeville as in other tropical regions has an interest peculiar to itself. Here indeed one is not astonished by the gorgeous clothing and stately dignity of the 'ladies' with their flowing trains and majestic bearing crowned with all

manner of merchandise as in Dominica. Here also the market buildings roofed with galvanised iron can scarcely be termed picturesque. Yet outside and around, the market folk overflow, and all manner of fruit and vegetables are sold, though with less vociferation than in Trinidad or Dominica.

But the thing at Mandeville market which strikes one most, is the patch of ground where the donkeys are tethered, forming groups more or less picturesque. The paniers are removed, the wooden crooks for their support are still left on the creatures' backs. Some of them are lively, others lazy; some are hungry and are trying to munch at anything within their reach (whether adapted for food or otherwise), others again are fond of sound and the air resounds with their lusty braying, while again, others are sociable and rub each other's noses in friendly fashion. Although much of the market produce is brought in by donkeys or mules, by far the largest portion of it is carried in on the heads of women, who come from many miles distant arriving about 7 or 8 A.M.

It is interesting to meet them in their clean dresses and turbans. Here trains are seldom worn, one reason being that the red-brown clay of the roads, though picturesque to look at, is extremely hurtful to clothes, and when wet, sticks to ones garments in a way that renders long skirts a thing to be avoided, whereas in Dominica the grassy or cobbled streets are so clean that no impression is made in dry weather even upon the whitest trains.

The people here have a somewhat shuffling walk as compared with other villagers, but they are extremely deferential and kindly, and when occasion offers, the love of dress inherent in all coloured persons manifests itself. For instance I heard of a work woman who earned 1s 6d a day, who was married, and on that occasion wore a cream coloured silk dress with a train, tulle veil, wreath, etc., and had six bridesmaids dressed similarly, and two little girls to hold up the train. How could she ever make use of such an elaborate garment again one might ask? Well perhaps once or twice at some small tea-party given by a relation—perhaps not—and the carriage in which the happy couple drove to and from church, was probably lent by the bridegroom's father who had a livery stable.

No doubt the bride pinched herself and starved for months before, to purchase such finery but then 'ladies' and 'gentlemen' in these parts will do a good deal for the sake of appearance! and alas! only the appearance of a moment, instead of furnishing their houses better or improving their minds in some way. Or else of laying by something for a rainy day.

So even a climate tends to make people improvident, and it is the exception rather than the rule to put aside a moderate sum of money in case of illness or need. Indeed parents will sometimes spend every penny they have day by day, even when years are passing for them swiftly and will trust to Providence to take care of them or to their children to support them in the event of old age, whereas with very little difference to their own per-

sonal comfort they might provide for themselves. Yet it is a lovable trait in these people, that they are really open-handed and generous.

TO MONTEGO BAY

May 4. A morning of brilliant sunshine, the blue hills ethereal in dawning light, palms and bananas glistening in the still shimmering network of dew, red brown acalaphas standing out against a misty background, roses, and violets, dew laden, scenting the air with softest fragrance. Such was the scene I viewed for the last time from my window at Newleigh, as the eastern sun poured his beams into my little chamber on the morning I was to leave Mandeville. Kind friends had greeted my arrival, and were now ready to speed the parting guest with every possible courtesy, and one of them had invited me to stay at her house in Montego bay. She not only invited me to stay, but, accompanied by her husband, escorted me there and saw that all my wants were cared for. The lovely winding road, five miles in length which lies between Mandeville and Williamsfield, the nearest station, led through scenes so peaceful and lovely, so verdant and well cultivated, that one was constantly reminded of England, and indeed sometimes one could scarcely realise one was in the tropics! It is true that silk cotton trees (ceibas) took the place of oaks, sometimes, too, they resembled elm trees except

for their great buttressed trunks, yet the general effect was similar. Everywhere, as if surrounding a gigantic amphitheatre were those wonderful, ethereal looking hills, and nowhere before do I remember seeing quite such a wonderful pure cobalt blue. Always the blue was set in green-wooded slopes bounded by verdant parks, and the grey coral stone walls were hung with ferns and houseleek, orchids and wild pine, sometimes in loveliest confusion. A small wood sorrel, purple in hue, grew by the wayside and two kinds of daisy. In Jamaica, there are no gorgeous flowering, forest trees such as the pois and the bois immortelle of Trinidad, but on the Northern coast and seen from the train on the way to Montego Bay, there is often a riotous wealth of vegetation and again in the exquisite country near Ocho Rios on the North coast and in the interior of the island. Bamboos, trumpet-trees with round, somewhat flat leaves, rather like horse-chestnuts, or more resembling cassava, which bears in its season a large, white, trumpet-shaped flower. Through the strange coptic country we sped, where hill behind hill, tree clad and honeycombed, with strange grey bits of rock protruding, and many heights and hollows in the middle distance, ever and anon, showed gleams of sapphire mountains. On, through scenes so wild and beautiful, that one felt a sense of awe. Here, the tree clad hills reminded one of lovely Trinidad, as before, one had been reminded of England. Passing almost through the centre of the island one realised something of the extent of this 'land of springs and



A WAYSIDE SCENE

woods,' where one saw blue mountain slopes to right and left. Through the valley of the Great river, a wide stretch of country lay before one, a scene broad, yet cultivated, so filled with noble forms of distant mountains, one felt more like travelling on a continent than on an island. Here and there crystal streams tossed over coral rocks leaving a track of verdure as they passed. Plume-like bamboos grew profusely in these regions, yet not quite so wildly luxuriant as in Trinidad; the form was somewhat more closely curled, and the same feature may apply to much of the vegetation here.

As we approached Montego Bay we passed a large sugar estate, and then, as the train wound down the hill we caught a view of the green islands at the mouth of the Great River set in the sparkling bay and beyond them, at its northern extremity, fringed with numerous

cocoa-palms appeared the little town itself. Before we reached it we had to pass round another large sugar estate, the bright fresh sugar canes contrasted strikingly with the somewhat burnt-up appearance of all the neighbouring grass, and of the palm trees, for it was the end of the dry season and the rain-clouds were already near.

CHAPTER XIV

THE NORTH COAST, JAMAICA

To my mind Montego Bay offers in some ways more attractions to the artist than Mandeville. It is at least more tropical in appearance though perhaps less lovely, and the marvellous sparkle, with the ever flitting lights and shadows which chase each other over the intensely blue water are things to marvel at. At times indeed the bay assumes colours almost iridescent. Sapphire-blue, emerald-green, with glints of golden brightness where the silvery sand shows through, with violet cloud-shadows melting into these, while the purple hills stand out at mid-day tipped with sunbeams and gold-fringed palms and emerald sugar canes, stand out strongly against the gleaming distance ; stray sunbeams too get caught in their glistening foliage, and the silvery sand with its soft grey shadows bordered by club-like dagger-aloes is a pleasant contrast to such a blaze of colour. The houses are quaint and unpretentious, most of them having galleries festooned with gorgeous creepers, but just now the long days of sunshine have exhausted in part their brilliance. Most of the

houses are shingled, and their kitchens are built at a respectful distance from the house, a plan most satisfactory in days of heat, but when the tropical showers begin there is another side to the matter. From the observatory there is a very fine view of the coast line, which is most beautiful, when purple shadows veil the hills, and a bright gleam of silver steals across the bay encircling the emerald islands at the river's mouth ; when the setting sun gilds the mountain's edge, sharp outlined against a rosy sky ; while feathery clouds, rose-tinted, float above the scene, and, in a long foreground perspective, the cocoa-palm waves its feathery clusters (its lower branches, dyed a deep orange, by the long fierce sunshine of the dry season) Scarcely a ripple stirs the bay at the tranquil sunset hour. The king *corbeau* or ' Johnnie,' as they call him here, wheels aloft and then sweeps rapidly upon his prey. Below, his day's work ended, the black-hued native enjoys his evening meal, seated outside his palm-roofed and walled hut, under the shade of his own palm tree, while his small brown children surround him, and his wife superintends the cooking arrangements and keeps the blue smoke ascending by the addition of logs of wood, for fires are sometimes used in Jamaica for boiling instead of the coal-pot which in other islands is almost universal.

The small black boys dart to and fro reminding one of kids with their quaint, sprightly gestures. Their clothing consists of a shirt or pinafore or sometimes a frock, torn and tattered it may be, yet suggestive of an attempt at



Supper Time, Jamaica

clothing. The scene was so lovely that I accepted the invitation of Mr and Mrs — to sketch it, and in the morning a friend lent me his horse to ride there. Indeed, I was so kindly invited to remain two days longer in Montego Bay that it was difficult to tear myself away as one began to find charming subjects, and the morning light proved less picturesque and suggestive than that of the afternoon. However, I enjoyed my canter very much as well as the scene which lay before me when I actually set to work at 6.45 A.M.

The rosy flush of morning, however, soon died away, and before I left, the level rays of daylight had changed the exquisite mystery of the scene. I sketched till nearly 9 A.M., and then my steed which had been tied up under a mango tree, was brought and I descended, passing on the way some picturesque scenes.

I had engaged the box-seat on the coach which started at 3 P.M. for St Ann's Bay. The only other occupants were two coloured *gentlemen*, and both they and the coloured driver pointed out anything they thought might interest me as we drove along. Amongst other things a haunted house, where the owner of a sugar estate had lived, who, in former days owned a large number of slaves whom she treated with the utmost cruelty, and was at last smothered by a feather-bed. However, whether her wealth or her attractions were greatest is not recorded, though she is said to have had no less than three husbands.

The house in which she lived is not now inhabited

as it is believed to be haunted. It contains so many windows that my informant told me 'no one can say how many.' For the first half-hour on leaving Montego Bay the road winds by the side of the most lovely silvery strands bordered with palms and dagger-aloes, which enclose the wonderful sparkling waters of the bay, and then turns more inland, through sugar estates, where broad-browed brown oxen laden with canes, wend leisurely along the road or when their work is ended, browse peacefully in some grassy patch adjoining the estate.

Very picturesque these docile creatures look, trudging along the road strewn with silvery sand, just a warm note of colour, subdued, yet harmonising the prevailing tones of grey and emerald green over which the deep blue heavens look down. In Barbadoes wind mills are frequently used, but I have not seen many in Jamaica, though occasionally water is used to turn the wheel.

Past many groves of palm trees, whose dusky shade was refreshing after the fierce glare of a tropic sun. Their grey stems curved ever from the ground were often encircled by a ring of tin to prevent rats from climbing them. As each branch falls off, it leaves a sort of ridge upon the trunk, which makes these trees, under ordinary circumstances, easy of ascent, whether for rats or brown-legged boys. The slippery ring makes it impossible for rats to climb them. These vermin frequently destroy whole groves of palms. They are also most destructive

to the sugar cane, nibbling here and there, and damaging so large a number of canes that they become quite a plague.

It was to a great extent on account of rats that the mongoose, a kind of weasel, was introduced into Jamaica, and it has been of much use in removing them, and also snakes. But, unfortunately, it has not stopped there. It has also, to a great extent, exterminated different species of birds (by eating their eggs), which rendered invaluable service in the destruction of grass ticks and a kind of lice, which have now become such a nuisance that one cannot sit or even walk through grass without becoming almost distracted by swarms of these insects.

The ticks are so minute that one is scarcely aware of their presence until their bite becomes so irritable, that one is obliged to investigate, and then one discovers that it is caused by an insect often not larger than a needle's point. Snakes are rare in Jamaica, and there are now no deadly ones. Mosquitoes also, are not very troublesome. Centipedes and scorpions and tarantula spiders, are found, but I have not seen any of them, though a scorpion found its way into one of the bedrooms one day. Such things are rare, and when houses are kept clean, one need not be afraid of them.

It is the custom to have the floors stained and polished, with little or no matting, except, perhaps, a mat on the centre of a drawing-room, and a grass mat beside a person's bed, which is lifted and rolled up during the day-time, a fashion both clean and cool, and a preventive

of these repulsive insects which delight in warmth, centipedes are often found in damp or dusty places.

In so warm a climate, hard beds and couches and cane chairs are generally adopted for the sake of coolness, and house furnishing is a much simpler undertaking than in our chill northern homes. Fire-places there are none, except in the kitchen, which is generally on the far side of the courtyard, which adjoins most houses.

Jalousies too, frequently take the place of windows, and are left open day and night. Glass seems more used in Jamaica than in the other islands, and in case of rain it is undoubtedly an advantage, though the window panes, occupying half of the window, sometimes admit less air than one might wish, for, in the Tropics draughts are indispensable to health, and the rooms are often a series of doors and windows, doors being made with jalousies, or with a space above and below, which sometimes remind one of a loose box so little use are they for any real privacy. Yet life is a simpler matter in hot countries than in colder regions. There is more of camaraderie, too, and when one is travelling, determined to be pleased wherever one goes, one finds a kind of Arcadian charm attached to this simple mode of life, and one enjoys simple food, and simplicity of furniture, in a way that one scarcely expected.

After all the greatest art is the most simple, and the art of living simply and healthfully is not sufficiently considered. We want more of the calm which belonged

to our ancestors. We want calm but not stagnation—and in these regions of perpetual heat there is undoubtedly a tendency to become indolent mentally or physically, and perhaps in both ways. A gentleman, whose life had been spent in the tropics, told me that he believed physical exercise to be almost more necessary in a hot climate than a cool one, and I am sure he was right: To indulge in too much physical exertion during the noon-day heat would, as a rule be imprudent, but the early mornings and late evenings in these tropic regions are so lovely, and the air so sweet and balmy that really one has no excuse for indulging in laziness.

In Trinidad where fashion has many votaries, it is the custom for the 'beau monde' to drive round the savannah every afternoon, where they meet all their friends. It is a lovely drive, and the wide green stretch of the Queen's Park with its fine clumps of Royal palms, its grand dome-shaped samans, its yellow blossomed logwood, its cannon-ball tree and other fragrant trees under the shade of which long horned Zebu cattle humped and soft-eyed, and with a certain dignity of aspect, stand serenely. Cyclists are practising perhaps in an enclosure, and cricket is being played with as much animation by creole youths as even English lads could boast of in the old country. Golf too is in full swing, and across the savannah are wafted sweet sounds from the Botanical Gardens where, in front of Government House, the band is discoursing sweet music, and carriages are drawn up to listen to it, while fashionable dames discuss the latest

fashion or whisper to each other the last piece of scandal.

It is a variation of the old Hyde Park scene, and the nurse maids and children seem to enjoy it as they stroll through the grass, or sit by the side of the fountain where the mountain-rose with its vermillion rosettes is just coming into bloom. Already the shadows run in long slant patches over the green savannah, and away in the direction of St James' Barracks the sun is rapidly sinking towards the horizon's rim. We stand to watch it, and almost as in a transformation scene it sinks rapidly to rest, leaving behind a rosy flush upon the cloudless sky.

But we are not of the fashionable throng so we march back towards the house striking direct through the savannah, and as we pass down the old dusty streets of the Port of Spain, some one says, 'Da com English ladie ; she no mind de heat no more nah us darkies ; she go walk down dee town in middle day ; she walk fast fast.' From which conversation it will be observed that the sight of white ladies marching through a tropical city towards mid-day is not a common one.

Of course in my case walking was easy, for it was the coolest time of the year and I was with friends who took every care of me. I was also exempt from trouble and anxiety of all kinds, so that what they called 'my northern energy' was not so remarkable as it seemed. Certainly the climate suited me well, but I attributed my exemption from fever to the regular exercise, the regular hours and the wholesome food as well as to the kind friends who

took great care of me. Of air, sunshine and pure water I had also a liberal supply, and the amount I was enabled to do was greater than I could have accomplished in England.

But to return, I was obliged to spend a night at Falmouth, about three hours' drive by coach from Montego Bay. The mules, which were changed at frequent intervals cantered along gaily, and the weather could not have been more enjoyable than it was. By-the-bye, the changing of mules is rather a deliberate proceeding as only one set of harness is provided and sometimes all the harnessing and unharnessing is performed by one man, though as a rule, the driver lends a helping hand. However Her Majesty's mail coach is not very like what a similar conveyance would be in England. Here in the tropics, where constant exposure to sun, dust and rain (no joke any of these three), to say nothing of fording salt water or driving along a road upon which perhaps the sea has encroached (as it does along this coast), add to this the easy going character of the natives and the conclusion arrived at is that under the circumstances it would be impossible to expect the spick and span vehicle and harness of Old England! Here the coach is a sort of double buggy. It is however much more expeditious than an ordinary buggy and gets along at the rate of about ten miles an hour, not bad for the tropics!

The mules and ponies are very wiry animals, and can stand an amount of hard work that no brute of northern origin could tolerate. The sun was setting when I

reached Falmouth and I put up for the night at Mrs Jacobs' boarding-house which faces the Post Office, a convenient position, as the coach left at 5 A.M., and the maid carried my small trunk across the road on her head. There is not much to see in Falmouth itself. The old Parish Church is the first object one notices on arriving, and perhaps the Court House which directly faces the harbour is the most striking building in the town. Adjoining it is the market. Beside the sea is a sort of enclosed park where the band was playing when the coach arrived. Immediately in the neighbourhood of Falmouth on both sides are fever breeding swamps where mangroves, spider legged, grow in wild luxuriance.

At the sunset hour and before sunrise, a sickly odour arises from these marshes, and often causes fever. Before starting in the morning therefore, it is advisable to be fortified by strong coffee, and some grains of quinine, a precaution I adopted, and which proved effectual, though on my arrival I had not been similarly prepared, and the result fortunately ended in a sick headache and nothing worse.

For the first time in Jamaica I was glad of my mosquito curtains, for these insects were very plentiful at Falmouth, probably on account of some rain which had fallen two days before, and of the wet season which was impending. Mrs Jacobs made me very comfortable, and my room, though small, was scrupulously clean. There was no key in the door, and the lock was broken, however she assured me that everyone in the place was

honest, and as I had absolutely nothing of the least value with me, I did not feel alarmed. Indeed in all my wanderings through the British West Indian Islands, I have found the people both honest and respectful, and my sketching has given me many opportunities of observing their character.

A match box had been left in my room which I shook before retiring to rest, and as it appeared to contain matches I thought no more about it. The stars were twinkling brightly through the opened jalousies when I wakened, and afraid of over sleeping, I struck a match. It was a bad one. I tried another, it spluttered and went out, and there were no others in the box. By the sky I knew it must be early, so I lay down a little, and then, as the night was unusually clear, for there was no moon, I rose, and discovering that a lamp burnt somewhere downstairs, I proceeded, watch in hand, to find out what time it was. It was 2.30 A.M., rather early to begin the day, so I returned to my couch for another nap.

The maid had heard me rise, however, and just as I had gone comfortably off to dreamland, my slumbers were put an end to by her entrance at 3.15 A.M. with my coffee and toast. She had wakened when I went downstairs, and had at once risen and prepared my 'early coffee,' supposing I wanted it at once. So I could only thank her for her attention to me, though, secretly, after my malarial headache of the night before, an hour's additional repose would not have been despised.

The coach started a few minutes before the hour, and

we rattled through the sleeping town at a canter, past the market, and along by the harbour still wrapt in night's dusky veil. Soon, however, a faint golden light, or rather glow, stole into the sky, and the mist rose from the mangrove swamps with a sort of sickly smell. Over the sanded roads we sped, and ere long the sun rose rapidly from the tranquil waves, and was soon high in air. Soon the mangroves gave place to seaside grape, dagger aloes, cocoa-nut groves, and hedges of penguin, the latter a kind of wild pine resembling an aloe, with prickly edges, which is used in these regions as a hedge, and which grows so closely on the tops of stone walls, that nothing can get through it.

Tobacco patches with their bright green leaves occurred at intervals, and it was common to see the leaves strung together and festooned round palm-thatched huts, drying in the sun. Domestic scenes most primitive and homely were disclosed, for the coach drive is not much frequented, and fashion has not yet gained hold upon this part of Jamaica.

Bread-fruit, palms and bananas grow in great quantities. These with mangoes, cassava and sweet potatoes, all of which articles grow almost entirely on their own account, are almost sufficient for the wants and requirements of these simple people. Palm branches form the roof and walls of their dwellings, cocoa-nut fibre makes comfortable mattresses for them. The green cocoa-nut water is a most refreshing drink and is useful in fevers or sick-

ness. Many are the uses of this valuable tree, which in these parts is a veritable gift of nature.

One thing that attracted my attention was the frequent employment of women in breaking stones, and while at work a temporary shelter of palm leaves was often erected to protect the worker if the shade of some neighbouring tree or rock was not obtainable. Well they worked too, these coloured ladies, sitting astride upon their heap of stones, while sometimes small brown-visaged children climbed about them as they worked, or gamboled in the shade amongst the palms.

Here too as elsewhere in Jamaica, small black pigs scuttled along in front of us as the coach sped past, or peered out of some hole or grating by the wayside. Sometimes whole families of diminutive shaggy piggies (for here these animals have often quite a respectable coat of hair), would turn into a garden and poke about in the most familiar manner, for they are regular scavengers and no doubt they help to demolish some forms of insect life, such as ants, etc.

There is a slight difference in the vegetation to that of Trinidad. Red birches attain considerable size, and there is a kind of nightshade which is a very common kind of vine. In appearance it is very much like *stephanotis*. It is said to be very poisonous when dry, but in its green state it is harmless. Several kinds of purple creepers were also in bloom and in some places the *bougainvillier* appeared to be quite wild, its rich rose-purple forming a delightful bit of colour amidst the

prevailing green, grey and brownish hues; but there was no gorgeous stately wealth of blossom anywhere, no tree gardens as in Trinidad or meadows strewn with red and white and blue and gold as in the pasture land of England.

The season for oranges was only just beginning, and the plantations were still merely dull patches of evergreens. Occasionally a tree laden with Seville oranges met one's eye, but even these were at this season scarce. Mangoes also were just coming into season but their green drooping fruit was scarcely distinguished from their leaves. We passed Run-away Bay from which the last remnant of the Spaniards took their departure from the island, and near to it fishermen were leisurely engaged plaiting bamboo fish-traps, made after some old Caribbean design, most effectual and simple in construction, of a heart-shape, square at the corners, but somewhat resembling lobster-pots at home.

Sometimes too a peaceful family group might be seen seated by their palm hut on the edge of the sea, for there is scarcely any tide in the Caribbean Sea, the men quietly smoking and watching the fish enter the nets, while their wives prepared cassava farine for their supper. Sometimes too in passing through their villages one noticed bread newly kneaded placed in the sun to rise. At Rio Buono our mules awaited us tied to a cocoa-nut palm and it was pleasant to halt in this picturesque village with its palm-fringed bay, for a little. For these islands the Rio Buono is not a bad river,

though of course after the rainy season its magnitude would be considerably increased. Near to it is Singapore, where we begin to ascend a somewhat steep slope on which a beacon is erected and can be seen a long way out at sea.

The rich pastures of Guinea grass, which are so justly praised, were still in many places marvellously green. So fertile is the soil that the grass is merely allowed to grow without any cultivation and the cattle which graze upon it are so sleek and well-fed that they might easily be prize winners, yet their sole diet is this Guinea grass and water. The grass no doubt possesses some of the properties of corn ; it is much taller and broader in the leaf than ordinary grass. In some places, however, the grass ticks are so troublesome that even for the sake of this rich pasture the cattle will not venture into it.

We passed many springs of exquisite purity. They are truly a somewhat marked feature in Jamaica more so than the rivers which are really more like springs in many cases. As we approached St Ann's Bay, the sun became fiercer and brighter. I was glad I had secured the box seat, however, as the inside was by this time filled, and the number of odd packages two of the ladies carried excited one's astonishment ! I had, however, come lightly equipped having forwarded my cabin trunk from Mandeville to Kingston and having with me only the contents of a diminutive trunk. On the way we met a procession, chiefly women, coming along the road. At first I could not make out what all the chattering was

about but eventually I discovered that the man who was mounted on a donkey wore Her Majesty's bracelets and was escorted by a policeman who walked by his side. The women had joined the party carrying bundles on their heads, and appeared to be enjoying an animated discussion. Several times we met a man marching along carrying only his inevitable cutlass generally on his head while the women who marched beside him balanced weights upon theirs, which I should have found difficult even to move, yet they marched along with a free firm step and looked strong and healthy.

The village of St Ann's Bay is more imposing and of considerably more importance than any of the others I had passed through with the exception of Falmouth. It was 10.30 A.M. when we at length pulled up beside the post office on the hill slope, and the coach waited there for half an hour. We were really rather late in arriving though we had made good speed. There I left the coach and after a short rest and a glass of milk which the post-mistress most courteously offered me, after various inquiries, at length, I started in a small buggy whose owner had obligingly consented to carry me to Ocho Rios, for a moderate charge.

CHAPTER XV

OCHO RIOS

THE road to Ocho Rios is a level one and the distance only seven miles, but carriages are very expensive to hire in this country. I had intended to ride, but found it would cost me just as much to do so, and as I had my small trunk with me I was glad to get off in the aforesaid conveyance. On the way, I called at the Roaring River where upon presenting my card, I was permitted to drive up within a few steps of the cascade. The road, however, leading up to it is so seldom used for carriages that it was almost a miracle that I was not upset, for these buggies, when one has a fine government road to go upon, are most comfortable, but they are not adapted to bad roads where ruts and stones are always getting in the way. The wheels are so far apart, too, and with four of them to think of, steering becomes a difficult task. Once indeed I was within an inch of being overturned, and I quite thought we were done for, but by a hair's breadth we escaped, and on my return I made the driver take the horse's head to avoid further

risks. I should gladly have walked but I was tired after my early start and the heat was considerable. My driver, too, was most kind and conciliatory, and persuaded me that it was all right, so I sat on though I should have been glad of one of our Irish cars instead of this light four-wheeled vehicle. The rush and roar of the cascade reaches one long before one comes in sight of it, or of the river. Tier upon tier of water, tossed together and intermingling in purest crystal torrents, rushing and tumbling, over rocks protruding from a steep brown slope, down through rich grasses, seen through a veil of glossy foliage, framed by a grand silk cotton-tree which reared its buttressed height high over the lucid stream, lianes swept around it and lovely ferns uncurled their wide spread fronds. Tiny humming and doctor birds gleamed like jewels as the sunshine caught their emerald and ruby crests, and near the waterfall, I found a strange mass of cocoons formed by a fly.* The white tossed water caught the gleam of a tropic noon, while above the trees were enveloped in a sort of haze, and the emerald track of luscious grass wound by the basin's rim.

It was not a subject that I had any ambition to sketch, beautiful though it was. It did not impress me as the grand rock of Maraccas in Trinidad with its filmy veil, towering into infinite space; nor yet did it satisfy one's mind like the stately and exquisitely proportioned water-

* Now in the South Kensington Museum, Entomological section. The name of the fly is *microgaster*.

falls of the Roseau valley, and yet in this there was a wild rush of blended unison, a wider, broader stretch of water, a harmony of many rills merged into one, and rushing madly jubilant with wild exhilaration towards the sea, rushing and roaring onwards through the dense vegetation of the tropics, tossing and tumbling again and again from terrace to terrace in swift bright motion. Well, it was a thing to see, and to remember, as it sang its endless song and pursued its ceaseless way, carrying with it health and life to the world of nature and also to mankind, plunging now into darkness to emerge again into the sunlight stronger and clearer and more jubilant in its rhythmic chant as it overcame each fresh obstacle. The road to Ocho Rios becomes much more beautiful after the Roaring River is passed and a good view of the river may be had from the road, though the cascade is nearly a mile higher up.

Not even in Trinidad have I seen more riotous wealth of vegetation than along the road which runs round the shore to Ocho Rios. Beautiful it is and wonderful also, —steep hill slopes curtained with maiden hair, large and luxuriant, with young uncurled gold green fronds, in wild profusion, maiden hair too of several varieties and ferns of many different kinds, climbing wild aloes, mosses and creepers festooning air-root trellisses, ceibas, red birches, logwood, broad-leaved bananas, seaside grape, glossy bread fruit with handsome indented foliage and gold green fruit. Cocoa-nut palms innumerable, bordered the blue, wave-kissed shore, while the silvery road winds

round the coast so gloriously wood-shaded that even a tropical sun is robbed of its intensity and the purple shadows quiver over the shimmering sea, or lie gently on the sanded road while massive dagger aloes grouped dark against the varnished palm leaves stand out prominently.

Along the road walk women, yes and often children bearing heavy burdens upon their heads, steadily and with a lithe dignity. It is nothing for them to walk into St Ann's Bay with their marketable produce, spend the day there and return at night. Sometimes too, donkeys paniered and well laden are driven by their black owners, in peaceful procession, while women march lightly by their side. Soon the palm-fringed village of Ocho Rios appears in sight and the coral cliffs so marvellously draped with verdure, grow steeper and more romantic as one approaches the bay. Crevices, caves or openings are seen, fern lined or fringed, and then a ford is passed and one has reached the village.

A peaceful, sunshiny place it is, with kindly, simple-hearted villagers; coloured or mulattoes they all are. Courteous they are also to the stranger and graceful in their words of welcome. My buggy stops at the Post Office with its garden of roses, acalaphas, cape jessamine and varigated foliage. My kind little landlady welcomes me cordially, and life once more becomes a season of rest, of sunshiny contemplation of Nature's wonders, of sunset rambles through palm-fringed roads, and along the exquisite Fern Gully, cut through the coral rock, where, even more than on the St Ann's Bay road,

Nature has lavished her choicest forms of vegetation, in an almost rampant profusion. Coral rock appears particularly suited for the growth of ferns, and the sandy soil and mountain springs which gush in purest ripples of bright foam-fringed water towards the shore, give an unusual fertility to the lovely valleys which run down to the bay.

To the artist, Ocho Rios recommends itself at once, its quaint and peaceful village scenes, its genial light-hearted people, its rich luxuriance of vegetation, its sparkling streams, its palm-fringed bay, its sparkling sea, its limpid atmosphere, and its gentle, unruffled calm, all are in their way attractive. On Sunday, I think with the exception of the clergyman, I must have been the only white person in church. Here, as elsewhere in the B. W. I., I was pleased and satisfied by the reverent service in the pretty little parish church, simple, yet not bare; in the ceremonial, earnest and devout. At once I was most graciously offered a front seat, and as there was a celebration of the Holy Communion, I remained for it. The number of coloured persons who were present, might put to shame some of our communicants at home, and all through that service, and during morning prayer they were both reverent and earnest in their demeanour, and they joined heartily both in the chants and hymns.

Outside the church windows my eyes could not help wandering through the unstained glass to a lovely orchid which was blooming on the vestry roof, and by its side grew a picturesque wild pine. In the little churchyard,



Ocho Rios, Jamaica

crotons of many hues, almost vied with flowers or autumn colours in their tints of rose and gold and saffron. Roses too bloomed plentifully and the cool white walls and painting of the church, set in their frame of grass and sweeping trees was refreshing to the sight. The vases were filled with pure white lilies and a simple cross stood upon the altar. Some Easter texts had not yet been removed and through the wide opened windows the birds and butterflies, and sometimes humming-birds glided in, and the lizards frisked up and down the window panes or basked in the sun. The scent of roses after rain too was wafted towards one by the gentle breeze and sweet peace and harmony were united there. Outside too, surely Nature joined in the universal hymn.

Shortly after my arrival I made friends with the owner of a small wharf from which logwood was shipped, and he readily gave me permission to sketch there when I pleased. The somewhat isolated position of my seat was an advantage though it by no means deterred the villagers from coming to inspect my work. Most polite they were in holding my umbrella for me, for, being the rainy season, showers sometimes fell in the mornings, mere sprinklings, however, while again the sun streamed full into my eyes. Sometimes one feels inclined to resent the extreme deliberation of the niggers if one is in a hurry to get things done, but give them some inactive occupation such, for instance, as holding one's umbrella over one, and they will do it with the utmost patience and kindness. Whoever held the umbrella could, at

the same time, inspect my sketch, so it was a coveted position, and I sat with a black man on one side and a boy upon the other, my seat being a conveniently low elevation for the crowd assembled round me to see all I was doing. It seemed to entertain them to watch me thus, and fortunately they could not go in front or at the side since the water obliged them to stand back.

Never during my stay in the British West Indies have I experienced anything except respect from the coloured people who crowded round me. In Jamaica they are more English than in the other islands, and in Ocho Rios the first place on the island where I have sketched in public grounds, they have been most courteous, offering me chairs, bringing water for me and holding my umbrella over me. When I have started to walk alone someone has always been going in the same direction who has offered to guide me. Here a boy riding up the fern gulley slowly, kept by my side all the way, pointing out ferns, etc., and descending from his mule to gather any specimens he thought I might like to have. Again, when I went to the White River, a whole troupe of school children accompanied me there, stopping, some of them, at their homes to leave their books and obtain permission, and then coming on with me a distance there and back of some five miles. They chattered to me all the way, speaking such good English and looking so neat in their print frocks. They have both Friday and Saturday for holidays, and seemed to like their school.

We passed a lovely silvery strand where the children gathered pink-tipped shells for me, then on by a palm-shaded road to the white, opaque, blue-green river. Doubtless the milky shade which characterises it is due to sulphur blending with water of exquisite blue-green colour. When the descending sun cast rosy gleams upon it, the water assumed the colouring of an opal. It is not a broad river, but apparently has some depth of water. It is spanned by an iron bridge. Here as elsewhere in the West Indies the Government Roads are kept in first-rate order and at the river a road branches off to the right.

On the way back some fruit (wild sapodillas they appeared to me) hung across the road. The children called them 'berries' and advised me to try one as they assured me they were 'very sweet.' They were exactly like a sapodilla in flavour except that they were smaller. The children told me that the little emerald-plumaged bird with long beak and forked tail which I had called a humming-bird was the doctor bird. It must be a kind of humming-bird, however, its crest and body glistened like jewels as it flew from flower to flower—or when its wings vibrated in the sun.

OCHO RIOS

May 16. As usual I have been out sketching since before 7 A.M. My day is all planned out. I rise before six, having my early coffee and an egg with a morsel of

dry toast as I dress, sketch for about two hours, then breakfast, consisting of porridge or rice, milk, eggs, or fish and fruit, then I write, and at 12 a glass of cocoanut water is brought to me. By this time it is very hot, so I rest for a couple of hours, dine at 3 P.M., then walk and sketch till 7 P.M. by which time the sun has set, then I find a glass of milk and some bread and jam waiting for me. Afterwards I read a little, and go to bed about nine o'clock. My dinner consists generally of fish broth,* fish and rice with sapodillas afterwards; sometimes I have chicken instead, and oranges or bananas. It is a very simple life, and the rest has done me good, for after all, continual change of scene in the tropics is very fatiguing, to say nothing of sketching in the sun with a coloured crowd around one.

Outside my window lives James Simmons, tinsmith, in a small shingled cabin. From 6.30 A.M. till 7 P.M., tinkle, tinkle goes his hammer all day long. I made a rapid sketch of my industrious neighbour, and since then have had many invitations to sketch the villagers. They do not expect payment for standing a few minutes, and doubtless artists are almost unknown here. Their child-like curiosity to see anything in the shape of a picture is quite refreshing, and as I return from sketching I have to stop repeatedly to show my different friends what I

* The fish broth is generally a simple preparation, consisting merely of water in which the fish has been boiled, without further addition. The fishes are generally about four inches long, of the most wonderful colour when taken from the water.

have been doing. I find my work does not make messengers more expeditious, for passers-by, whether riding, driving or walking halt beside me to inspect my work, ready, however, to stand back, and to keep back too, when reminded that it makes one too hot to have them so near. Small black pigs came poking round me too, much as friendly dogs would do at home, or follow their swarthy mistresses about the road.

Outside, as I write, sitting in my little parlour, between two open door-ways, two scenes of different kinds are visible to me. Looking into the pretty yard with its private bit of sand, and its very own bit of transparent sea, under the cocoanut trees whose pleasant dark shadows give refreshing shelter, two coloured maids are at work. One dressed in white is washing in a large tub, set on a turned down barrel, the other attired in purple, is hanging the wet garments on a line to dry, Behind is the silvery sand, and glassy blue sea, while drooping over the open door hangs a branch of the wide leaved glossy bread-fruit in cool shadow. A patch of golden brightness falls upon the sanded court in front, at the side of which the even shadows from the little shingled kitchen fall.

Fringing the sand are light feathery tufts of grass. Two baby kittens, left orphans at the age of a few hours, are squealing piteously and crawling on the sand in forlorn hope. A family of tiny black dog-like piggies comes on its morning round as scavengers to the yard. A king corbeau descends swiftly upon the sand, stays a

moment and then spreads his wings to fly. Outside on my other hand, running parallel with the house is the village street. Facing the 'Dove Cot,' where my tent is momentarily pitched, is a Presbyterian church. Along the road, villagers laden with market baskets are starting for St Ann's Bay, seven miles distant, where the great market of the week is held. Donkeys, too, are led by them, and my neighbour, the tinman, is doing good business to-day. Several loads of tins, pans, kettles, saucers, etc., have been dispatched thither, and still the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of his busy hammer sounds.

In the garden the tall, white and rose-coloured lily-shaped 'crocuses' are in bloom, and on the table before me are roses and an exquisite wealth of maiden hair. A little humming-bird is quivering in front of a hybiscus flower, and the sun of a tropical morning gleams upon the palms and bread-fruit trees across the way, and against them bunches of white elder rear their heads. It is a holiday and the village children are about to-day. In the afternoon there will be cricket played with an exuberance of energy which could scarcely be surpassed in England. But this is not the best day for cricket as all the older children assist their parents in carrying market produce to St Ann's.

I have not yet alluded to the army of fire-flies which abounds in Jamaica. At Mandeville and here, being in the habit of leaving one's window open, these insects frequently enter, and when one is not accustomed to them it is somewhat weird to waken in the darkness and

to find these live lamps twinkling round one's room. In appearance they are much like an English beetle, but lighter in construction and not at all repulsive in appearance. As I sit here peacefully reading in the evening they often alight upon my dress, attracted by the lamp which dazzles them. Their eyes are like two lamps, and it is astonishing how bright the light emitted by these insects is. Like a dark lantern they can conceal it at their convenience. Glow-worms I have not often seen here, though in Trinidad they were most plentiful, but beetles are very numerous, ants also are often a perfect plague, and even in the best ordered houses will sometimes swarm in unexpected places. They are of a very diminutive kind, however.

I have been out through the village this evening, and a busy scene of marketing was what I saw. Many of the people had been to St Ann's and had walked there and back. Some of them looked tired, but the perpetual chatter and bustle of Sunday's purchases is going on. In the little village square women are seated selling their wares, and at 7.30 P.M. brisk merchandise is still going on. All the shops are open and quite an animated scene appears. The sunset has been an unusually glorious one, first like a vast sheet of molten gold, with purple hills painted upon it, framed in dark shaded palms. Soon purple and lilac and rose-hued cloudlets sweep like a troop of sea-fowl down in exquisite aërial perspective towards the sun.

The setting sun itself is not visible at Ocho Rios.

The lord of day sinks behind the tree-clad hill which rises in the west side of the bay, but the long perspective of feathery clouds, glows brighter and more vivid after the sun has set, till over the sea comes floating in bars of blood red light such an indescribable flood of shimmering gold and ruby, that one stands amazed. Towards the horizon the sky too glows blood red, now rising into purest saffron and then into delicate shades of green. Across it bars of rosy cloud float in exquisite grace of form. The hills wear a rich, downy purple robe and a long streak of golden light encircles them with dark hill shadows running sharp out towards it.

In the bay a good sized schooner is silhouetted against the sky and around it are grouped a few fishing smacks while a boat glides darkly from the shore. The splash of oars in the tranquil bay is the only sound one hears as one stands at the end of the old wharf or sits in the empty lighter by its side enjoying the soft swell floating shorewards in lines of waving light or soothed by the gentle lapping of the waves upon the shore. I sit there musing in the old unladen barge with the wide sea before me. The villagers have some of them followed me, for now that I have learnt to know them, I am seldom alone, and the little brown-skinned children nestle close to me as I sit on my low sketching stool and their little woolly heads and soft brown eyes are full of babyish wonder. They think that because I stay so long I am going to sketch again, and so they stand watching me until at last the darkness falls, and the young crescent moon casts her

horned light upon the bay. The stars gleam softly in the pure expanse of blue and the dark hill outline is magnified and mysterious. The palms rattle their long drooping branches, and the light evening breeze has almost sunk to rest; the vibrating sound of the cricket grows louder. Alas! that soon one must leave so fair a place and such a genial people.

May 17. A heavy tropical shower fell about 8 A.M. and was followed by brilliant sunshine. At Church the heat was greater than any I had experienced in the tropics, and the high-pitched, ascension hymns did not suit the coloured congregation so well as last week's music did. Sometimes the singing became almost a squeal, yet it was so sincere and hearty that one could scarcely have wished them to remain silent. In the afternoon as I passed through the village quite a number of people, including my friend the tinsmith, expressed regret at my departure, and indeed I felt sorry to leave such kindly people. One man presented me with a walking stick as a remembrance of Jamaica in the most graceful manner, and my kind little hostess brought me a small vase and a piece of dried forget-me-not and geranium leaf from her garden, to remind me of my stay here. As usual I went down on the wharf to watch the sunset and a large crowd of children joined me in the old barge and some of them put their little sticky hands in mine as a farewell.

CHAPTER XVI

FERN GULLY, DIAVOLO, BOG WALK

MAY 18. I rose at 4.15 A.M. and was off by 5 o'clock. The day was just beginning to break, and it was a glorious morning. Soon I was driving through the exquisite Fern Gully where the rich tangle of vegetation was dripping with dew, and where, when the sun's rays reached the tree tops, they wore an almost downy veil of misty light. I had almost walked to the end of the Fern Gully before, yet in this exquisite freshness of early morning, it seemed transformed with the faint flush of dawn merging into greenish gold and the rich emerald and lemon greens of the varied foliage against which grey tree-stems of palms, trumpet trees, and the buttressed trunk of the silk cotton, stood out prominently, touched with shadows of madder hues. Perhaps, too, some silvery bit of coral rock from which the blue-grey, outer surface had been newly broken, gave just the note which harmonised the other silvery tones, accentuating their crisp outlines in exquisite modulation. For an hour the horses had up-hill work to do, and we could only walk most of the way.

But it was entrancingly, yes, almost passionately lovely, and one's heart glowed with the joy of beholding so much beauty. For a long time the sandy soil prevailed—sand and rich loam, and then we came out upon more cultivated scenes again. Wonderful meadows of guinea grass, where cattle, up to their necks, browsed at their will.

Over an ever winding road, where vistas of blue mountains, enclosed by grassy slopes and tree-clad heights, were bounded by fertile farms. Giant mango trees, laden with long-stemmed fruit, oranges, golden and fair to see, and in exquisite succession, bananas, mangoes, scarlet drooping pomegranates, and glossy-leaved pimento. Through pretty peaceful villages, over roads of fine engineering skill, kept in splendid repair, up and down, round and ever round, wound the road. At Moneague, a pretty little village somewhat similar to Mandeville, the horses were changed, and another ten miles drive lay between this village and Ewarton. Then on, through scenery so like Bavaria, one expected to find the Köfel rearing its stately height over far-famed Ober Ammergau, where the grey, wild rock of Schellenburgh, rose sheer from its silent valley. Shaggy this giant coral rock towered with a majestic grandeur, calm, and serene, and awe-inspiring; surely it was a spot not readily to be forgotten. Then on, by the precipitous road by the side of a steep and wonderful valley, up higher and yet higher, looking sheer down into depths beneath, depths of valleys, tree-clothed and starred with silvery-green

bananas, which stood out from the deeper foliage like giant daisy stars upon a tuft of moss.

Higher and ever higher until Diavolo 3,053 feet was passed, and from the top of the mountain in the far distance gleamed the wonderful Blue Mountains, range beyond range like breakers of the Caribbean Sea, yet melting into a more evanescent blue which glowed and gloomed—while the road, shaded by palms and logwood, elms and silk cotton trees and mangoes, framed this glorious scene and the marvellously wooded valleys grouped and harmonised together in almost magical confusion, yet with the result of perfect harmony, lay far below. Here women appear to have nearly all the stone breaking to do; it is not hard work as the coral stone is soft and easily broken, and it is a healthy occupation for these strong, lithe, young people. Some of the villages near Hollymount were bewitchingly picturesque and one might well have stayed there to sketch,—alas that life is so short and one's power of work so limited—yet in this glorious natural world surely the Author of all perfection must be near to one, as with reverence one gazes with longing eyes upon such entrancing beauty—beauty that seems almost too perfect for this earth. It is like a dream that one fears to awaken from. Like some bewitching scene of imagination that one must shortly find a delusion. And yet, one is assured that it is real, and that all this passionate loveliness or grand sublimity has been permitted to be enjoyed by man. Truly has Wordsworth said, 'For in the mountains he did feel his faith.'

I had expected to find Jamaica beautiful, and to-day I had seen wonders so surpassingly lovely that one gazed upon them with a sense of rapture quite unspeakable. The drive from Ocho Rios to Ewarton occupied a little over four hours. It is a distance of almost twenty-two miles my driver informed me, but the road is almost entirely a succession of hills more or less steep and it is a fatiguing one for horses. Ewarton is not interesting as a stopping place and I had about half an hour to wait before the train left. I only went as far as Bog Walk Station, (about nine miles distant), passing through a not very striking tract of country to get there.

Bog Walk in some places reminded me of Mandeville. It is a great district for bananas, and waggon loads of them were being packed at the station for exportation. In the distance the Blue Mountains were enclosed by a framework of bamboo clumps, bananas and logwood. And near the station the Rio Cobre Valley with its winding, rushing water, transparent and cool, flowed round a steep cliff's side. I had scarcely reached the hotel when a tropical shower began and continued for a long time, it was impossible to go out. However, time being limited I brought my sketching things and sketched Mount Leman, 2,280 ft. from the gallery. About three o'clock it cleared and I roamed up the valley with its grand wild rocky precipice enclosed by wooded slopes. Through the valley the railway wound on one side of the river, the lines being placed along a sort of rocky ledge running sheer above

the river, while the fine, well-made roadway runs along the opposite bank.

The air was still moist and my water colours took long to dry. The ground was soaking and I was obliged to perch myself on a tiny bracket of rock about twelve feet above the road, and to work regardless of dripping from trees overhead, and the persistent attacks of sand flies and mosquitoes which, owing to the close, moist atmosphere, were most irritating. Then I returned to the hotel. The scenery at Bog Walk was grander and wilder than I had expected. Rio Cobre is a picturesque river but not a broad or deep one. Its water is exquisitely clear, flowing calmly through the Bog Walk valley, then rushing onwards, foaming and tossing towards the sea.

Jessamine and night blooming cereus scented the air, and the atmosphere was heavy with moist vegetation. I saw one superb bit of scenery, with the precipitous mountain through which the tunnel runs in the centre, and steep wooded slopes running down towards the river is well worth remembering; it would be a grand subject for a picture—but otherwise I felt no inclination to remain longer at Bog Walk. At the hotel, my room which had two corner windows, I found to be exempt from fastenings. (it overlooked the gallery), however, by means of nails they were secured at last. Fire-flies kept flitting from the next room into mine through the wide space near the ceiling, sometimes with rather startling effect. The night was chilly too, and damp, and I could not sleep

much, however, morning broke at last, and by the 7.50 train I took my departure for Kingston. The hotel was just across the road, and the maid carried my box over to the station upon her head. The scenery was for a time, most beautiful. Most striking was the piece I had seen from the road the evening before, then the train plunged into a tunnel of considerable extent to emerge into other scenes of beauty. Through several tunnels we passed, getting glimpses of valleys within valleys, and vegetation in wild luxuriance.

I was sorry not to get a peep at Spanish Town, the former capital, but I believe it is the neighbourhood that is now more interesting than the town itself; one gets no idea of it whatever from the station—however, I could not even stop off a train as I had to go on to Newcastle as soon as possible, and already the day was getting hot. I had engaged a trap from Mr Duval, Gordon Town, to take me out there. It met me at Kingston station and after making some inquiries about my box from Mandeville—which had not arrived—I started for the beautiful drive towards the blue mountains.

As one approaches, the scene grows continually more beautiful, and it is wonderful how far out houses extend from Kingston. Past the race-course which reminded me of the Trinidad savannah and the Northern mountains, the road wound by the side of the loveliest clear stream, and the dusky blue mountains changed to green and purple. Women were washing clothes in the river near a little church. The road was in splendid

condition all the way, and I believe large sums of money are expended annually upon the roads in Jamaica, and upon the opening up of new railway and coach lines.

At present a new railway is being continued from Ewarton to Port Antonio, which will be a great advantage, and a new carriage road is being cut from Gordon Town to Newcastle. At Gordon Town I dismounted from the buggy, and having waited till a somewhat heavy shower was over, I engaged a woman to carry my little trunk to Newcastle, and mounted my pony to ride there. They told me at the inn my horse would know the way there, which proved true. Indescribably beautiful was the ride, and yet, futile as it is to attempt a description, for the sake of remembrance in future years I record a few of my impressions, both here and elsewhere in my wanderings. I was assured at Mr Duval's that I should have no difficulty in finding my way, for that the horse knew where to go—so off I went at a canter up to regions unknown—the girl with my box following at a slower pace.

On, by the side of the most bewitching mountain spring, now falling in cascades, now plunging into oblivion amidst loveliest greenery, ever winding through the most charming valleys, singing as it dances blithely seawards. Sweet fresh-voiced notes from birds unknown to me, resembling a thrush break through the stillness. Past banks, fringed with the young crimson of unfolded ferns, looking sheer down a precipitous descent, so closely wooded that only glimpses of the silvery

stream, so far below are gained. Then to a less densely wooded bend where waxen begonias in marvellous luxuriance veil with their rose-tinged blossoms the steep hills' side. By many a twist and many a steep ascent my pony guides me. The road is an excellent one, and at intervals sign-posts are placed to mark the way in surprising order, for in the mountains one does not expect such guidance. There is a turn in the way. My pony seems inclined to go to the left, but to the right a finger of the sign-post points 'Cold Springs.' Thither I must go to inquire at the post-office for the cottage in which I am to take up my temporary residence. After all the horse was right, but it was impossible for me to know that the 'Farm Ridge' was situated on the Newcastle side of the valley, instead of the Cold Spring side, and in any case I should scarcely have found the house without ascending first to make inquiry, so my ride was prolonged about an hour in consequence, but it gave me opportunities of seeing some fine bits of scenery, and I passed down through Newcastle where the troops are quartered—about 300 men of the King's Liverpool Regiment are there at present.

The situation of the barracks is most beautiful, high on the mountain side—almost directly under Catherine Peak, 5,075 feet above the sea—on the spur of a hill which commands an extensive view of Kingston and its harbour Port Royal, to the Pallisade of the 'old harbour' and Portland Point. Columbus was asked by Isabella of Spain to describe Jamaica. It is said that he

took a piece of paper, crumpled it in his hand and then throwing it down before the queen, said, 'It is like that.' Dominica also justifies the same description, though it is so much smaller. Range behind range of wonderful hill forms, valley within valley, and ridge rising behind ridge, tree crowned or sometimes cultivated to the tops. And in one of the highest ridges the garrison of Jamaica.

Coffee plantations do well in this part, and at Cold Springs Mr McLean has a place for preparing the berries which are at this season being gathered. At Newcastle many English flowers grow well. Outside the cottage where I am staying is a border of rose trees, balsams, violets and forget-me-nots with sweet scented verberna, orange trees, lemons, bananas and a patch of potatoes, lettuce, and cabbages also grow well and indeed anything will grow in Jamaica and will repay a slight outlay of trouble. The strange thing is that more things are not grown, for Nature has endowed the soil with such productive qualities that for agricultural purposes it is a fortune in itself and in the cool pure air of the hills there is no excuse for the indolence which often characterises the inhabitants of the lower regions. Here at Newcastle the air is wonderfully pure and cool and the supply of fresh mountain springs quite inexhaustible. It is certainly a healthy place to live in, far removed indeed from the 'madding crowd' though doubtless the troops would prefer more variety, yet they are a host in themselves.

With a good horse it is easy to get to Kingston if

anything special is going on. Newcastle has its telegraph office and its post office and is well informed of all that is going on, despite its altitude. Indeed Jamaica is well in advance in many ways despite its insularity. It has been English so much longer than any of the other West Indian Islands, and in many ways the people are so much more English than elsewhere in these islands. They speak with a wonderfully pure English accent too, and I have not found anyone, even amongst the humblest persons, with whom I came a good deal in contact, who did not understand me easily. Occasionally the 'a' is sounded rather broad like attock attack, shobby shabby, and there is a tendency to raise the inflections of the last syllable amongst the darkies. Deah meah dear me and so on, but there is no patois, and it is really inspiring to find what a reverence they have for the mother country and the English. Simply because I was 'English' many little acts of courtesy were done to me in the most charming simple way.

They are most loyal at heart, and England might be proud of these colonies, amongst which none is more patriotic than her eldest West Indian colony—Jamaica. At present America threatens somewhat to encroach upon the trade of Jamaica, though at heart the people would be far from wishing to join with the United States. Large quantities of fruit is exported weekly to Boston, and in return quantities of American goods are imported. Jamaica, despite its sugar failure is fairly prosperous, and the aspect of prosperity im-

presses one everywhere. England is so strong in her own colonies, which lie in all quarters of the globe in every degree of the equator, she might well hold the monopoly of her own imports and exports in her wide dominions. These colonies would be proud to send her more of their best, and it would stimulate their wish for progress to be made thus responsible. Jamaica is much more truly English than even 'little England,'* and this island has natural resources which are unequalled in any of the B. W. Indies for her own maintenance.

The Jamaicans are independent and they are reliable, but in all tropic regions more stimulus to exertion is requisite. If England would trade more with her own colonies in the West Indies, if she realised their marvellous resources and their devotion to her, it would be a benefit to all. At present, American customs and habits are often the standard aimed at in hotels and boarding-houses, which are more easily reached by American than by English visitors, and a fashion is thus set. America does not want to possess Jamaica or the West Indies, but she wants to have the trade, and the new railway which is just opened to Montego Bay is constructed by an American company. The question was mooted whether to get the Government to do it or America, and a decision was arrived at in favour of the latter, though many were convinced that Government work would have been superior, and more lasting. However, the railway appears to be satisfactory, and

* Barbadoes.

line to Port Antonio will shortly be opened. England is far too magnanimous to dissolve any friendly relations between her West Indian colonies and her foster child America.

It has been reported that a new line of trading steamers is to be established between Jamaica and England direct. This would open out a new field of industry and profit on both sides, and would be appreciated by the people of Jamaica. Unfortunately there is a certain amount of rivalry between the B. W. I. Islands. Jamaica is incontestably the largest and the most important of them. It is also for some reasons the most desirable to live in, owing to the greater altitude of its mountains and the cool mountain retreats so valuable as a sanatorium. Its position also is further north, and its soil marvellously fertile. In fact it is almost an epitome of all the islands. The other islands have their special charms, those of Jamaica are more universal. Trinidad comes next to it in beauty, and Dominica resembles it. Trinidad is more luxuriant in vegetation, and the Port of Spain is a finer town than Kingston. Dominica is more wholly mountainous; Barbadoes with its coral rocks and bright waves of the Caribbean sea, its well cultivated soil, too, resembles curiously a portion of this island. Jamaica combines in some ways the characteristics of all, St Kitt's with its cloud-capped Mount Misery, Santa Cruz with its conch shells dashed upon the surf-bound shore. Santa Lucia with its fine harbour, even Bermuda with its coral rocks, though in the interior the soil is a rich red colour which



Catherine Peak and Farm Ridge

is always the most fertile, and contains a large quantity of iron. Then, too, the sulphur springs of Jamaica marking volcanic power are most salutary for gout, rheumatism and other affections, while the cool mountain air of Mandeville and Newcastle revives the languid and refreshes the weary. Beautiful indeed is the land of humming-birds* and I love it well. Personally, I have experienced nothing but enjoyment there and have met with the most generous hospitality. To me it was beautiful as a dream, and yet there are parts of Jamaica so superb, one must in mere justice praise them more. Yet in praising it more, one does not withdraw one word of admiration already bestowed on the lovely sister isle.

* Trinidad—its Indian name 'Ière' means the land of humming-birds.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

MAY 22. I have been to the summit of Catherine Peak, 5,075 feet above the sea. Starting from Farm Ridge at 9 A.M., we reached the top in about an hour and a half. I rode till within a very short distance of the summit. Clouds floated over the mountains and when we reached the lovely fern walk with its walls of many kinds of fern, the mist was so dense that I feared nothing would be visible. Considering that the path led to a mountain top, it was a marvellously good one, though parts were extremely slippery after the heavy rains, and the ferns reached sometimes to one's shoulder. Brushing through this dense undergrowth soaking with moisture, the pony proceeded slowly. On one side was a wall of fern, on the other a steep slope, sometimes, almost a precipice, tree-clad and marvellously covered with dense, ferny growths. Grand tree ferns, bracken of several kinds, and an enormous polypody with young pink-tipped fronds—besides a feathery climbing fern with tiny thorns, and a sort of almost fern-like tufted grass. Great patches of wild ginger with its tall, vivid, green blades and white

tufted honeysuckle-like flower.



PINK CREEPERS WITH DOWNY LEAVES

Patches of honeysuckle too, grew lower down, and a crocus-like lily-white, with small purple stamens, and near to it tufts of rats-tail ferns. Higher up on the summit grew wild strawberries and bracken, blackberries and gorse, but wonderful ferns led up to it through the most beautiful, tropical vegetation, like a jungle it seemed sometimes. Nowhere else in my wanderings have

I found such variety of ferns, such luxuriance of undergrowth, and this at a height of 5,075 feet above sea level! On, through the veil of mist which hung across deep foliage, under tree ferns—dripping after the night's dew—through a fog so dense that only the near pathway was discernible, and a white haze hung upon the more distant trees. It seemed scarcely possible that we should be so favoured, and yet, just as we emerged from the wood which crowns the summit to the small clearing that has been cut there, the sun actually beamed forth. Down in the valley clouds hung, but on the peak the sunshine was quite hot. Before one rose

the 'Blue Mountain Peak,' discernible at intervals—and far below the Yallah Valley.

Ridge behind ridge of these wonderful blue mountains, now veiled with soft wreaths of mist, now gleaming in bright glints of sunshine, now dark with purple shadows, and again shining with golden light, or fleeting, rose grey shadows, while the near slopes clad with softest verdure, stood out against that ever varying blue. Valley within valley with savannahs interspersed where meandering rivers just caught the sunshine for a moment, and flashed out a glittering watchward; then the shadows from the high mountain would again descend, leaving the entire valley with all its little hills and plains, its rivers or its roadways wrapped in gloom. I had a good view of Mount Pleasant and of the Botanic Gardens, situated on a spur of the mountains. Turning to the right, other valleys were disclosed, and far below lay Kingston and its harbour, its water gleaming like a sheet of silver, while the town was enveloped in purple shade.

On the very-highest point I made a hasty sketch, and ate a wild strawberry. Near the summit wood was being cut for the garrison, and only a crown of trees is left on this mountain peak. It was indeed an interesting experience to have climbed so high in the tropics; to have ascended a slope so different from our wild Northern lands; where though at an altitude of over 5000 feet the air was soft and balmy, deliciously cool, but never cold, with no touch of biting sharpness in it. My kind coloured host had accompanied me, and while I sketched, he had been en-

gaged in carving my initials on a tree. He had been obliged to cut down branches of fern which obstructed the path in some places, so blinding was their luxuriance of growth, and indeed a cutlass would have answered the purpose better than a knife.

It was impossible to see the 'track' at times, so overgrown was it by immense ferns; and with the rolling stones, and slippery mud and stalks which formed it, it was sometimes by no means easy to keep one's footing. We had left the pony tied to a tree where the worst bit of road began. It had enjoyed itself with the rich Guinea grass which grew amidst the ferns, but coming down I was obliged to walk some distance after we reached the pony. My boots and skirt were dripping when the wider path at length was reached. It had been a pretty stiff bit of walking and riding too, for sometimes like Absalom, I was caught by my hair, and nearly swept wholesale from my saddle. But it was well worth the fatigue, which after all was vastly less than I had anticipated, and I was amply repaid by the beauty of the scenes we had passed through, the memory of which will long remain with me. It was exactly one o'clock when I reached the house. We had intended to go round the peak, and to return by a different path, across the gap, and down by Cold Springs, but we had not time for this. However, I had seen so many beautiful things, it was, perhaps, well to leave something for a possible expedition on another day. I had been sketching, too, before seven o'clock, and was by this time beginning to feel tired.

May 22. Last evening I went for a walk towards the battery which is somewhat lower than Farm Ridge. The target is placed at the head of a valley and the practice is carried on from the two different sides, small huts of stone being erected by the side of the target where the shots are registered. On the way, I saw quantities of a flower very much like lobelia, sometimes of that deep blue ultramarine shade, so rare in flowers, sometimes shading into purple. Wild white passion flowers, too, trailed their wild tendrils over trees and bush, and a lovely pink creeper, somewhat resembling

a gloxinia, grew in great profusion.

On a fallen tree, tufts of mistletoe were sprouting, and a flower, somewhat resembling heliotrope in appearance was very common. It is, no doubt, a kind of ipecacuanha of which the orange and scarlet variety is



ipecacuanha
and a dark
lobelia-like flower
1892

Deep blue purple flower, with dark centre and touch of white above, like lobelia, life size.

more common in the other islands. It is a great favourite

with humming birds which may frequently be found hovering near to it. Another small flower which used

to grow as a border in the garden at home is very abundant here. It is of the fuschia tribe, with bright scarlet bells tipped with black.

WHITSUNDAY 1896

It is very wet to-day, and church going is impossible. There is a military service on the top of the hill, but one would get drenched going so far, and the

only other church is about two miles away on the top of a steep hill which can be seen from the cottage. I am staying in a little cottage quite a humble abode, but with the kindest (coloured) people, who are always doing little acts of courtesy for me, showing me about, lending me the pony to ride up the hill, and decorating me with the prettiest 'buttonholes' every morning.

It is a very homely place to stay in, and I like the simple wholesome food, porridge, lettuce and eggs for



WILD FUSCHIA.

NEWCASTLE JAMAICA

WILD FUSCHIA. Scarlet flower—Newcastle,
Jamaica

breakfast, with quite a luxury of pine apples, oranges and bananas at all my meals. The sitting room is most tastefully adorned with flowers by the eldest girl, and the floors all scrubbed and polished every morning by a coloured woman who does all the rough work. Mrs ——— was in service before her marriage and my food is very nicely placed upon the table for me, and there is quite a feeling of refinement in the arrangements of the house. Indeed, I feel uncomfortable to have the only large room for my bedroom as it obliges the family, father, mother and five children to pack into a very small portion of the house.

Mr ——— has quite soldierly manners and is most thoughtful and considerate to me. He is an intelligent, clever man. The youngest child 'Tit,' a little dark-skinned mortal, made friends with me at once, and played 'hide-and-seek' through the two doors leading into my room, following me about like a shadow till she was called off by her mother,—the latter, such a gentle, motherly woman, and so anxious to make me comfortable. Yesterday, I was sketching 'Tit,' but it was impossible to get the child to sit a moment, she is so full of life, and her bright, black eyes, frizzy head, and gleaming teeth, together with her lively expression, were not to be caught easily. The five children are all nice and well-mannered. The boy, a sturdy little chap, minds the pony, goats, etc., and goes messages for his father and mother when he is not at school.

Round the cottage is a nice garden, and in it a dove-cot.

The views of the mountains and valleys are very fine. To-day, however, the mist is so dense one can see nothing. The rain is falling fast and steadily, and will probably continue all day. There has been very little rain yet though May is generally the rainy season. I have been reading the day's service by the open door which frames the beautiful misty mountains. The little kid comes bleating down from the pasture higher up, where its mother goes every morning. Its cry is like that of a child, and it springs into the room where I am sitting, frightened by the rain. The dog, a sort of half-bred Irish terrier, lies at my feet, and the tiny kitten has perched itself contentedly upon my lap. All things seek shelter from the rain. It is indeed a day of rest, and it is a peaceful, suggestive place to spend the day.

It is good for us all to have times when we must sit still. One is tempted to live too fast, to attempt too much. It is well to have a respite. As I write, little bare-footed 'Tit' keeps running in and out of the room, and peering up into my face, sometimes with the little bright faced kitten, so like herself in her arms, or with some childish treasure to show to me. The rain continues incessantly all day long. The windows are made without glass or jalousies, with no means of shutting out the rain except the tight closed shutters. The house is therefore in semi-obscurity, the wide-opened door alone giving light to the house. One feels quite chilly, and glad of a warm dress. All the pets and the children are

in the house, growing restless of a day's imprisonment, yet wonderfully good and quiet.

In the evening, we all sang hymns from 'Hymns Ancient and Modern.' And little 'Tit' goes to sleep upon her mother's knee, lulled by the sound. Then the fire-flies twinkle all over the roof or fly about through the house. They are much smaller than the large, beetle-like insects so numerous at Mandeville. They are really more like *glow* flies. A sort of phosphorescent light not a bright flash of fire, and in appearance they are more like moths. The children play with them, and fasten them in the dog's hair, where they blaze like jewels. They are perfectly harmless, and very pretty to look at. The light is produced from the lower side of the insect's body.

May 27. Yesterday morning I left Newcastle at 6.30 A.M., and walked down to Gordon Town where Mr Duval had provided a small buggy for my special benefit, the coach being full. A nice little coloured girl marched in front of me carrying my trunk upon her head and my kind, coloured host escorted me part of the way. 'Tit' had requested her mother to comb her hair early as 'she was going to England' with me, and she had on a clean print frock to see me start. The eldest girl had prepared a charming bunch of violets, forget-me-nots and ivy as a farewell gift, so the departing guest was most pleasantly sped upon her way. The sun too, after a week of continued rain shone forth and the walk which one

was obliged to take briskly, was most exhilarating. Catherine Peak crowning the valley, seen from different heights was the most remarkable feature.

After the heavy rain the mountain stream had assumed grander proportions and the waterfalls enclosed in their wonderful setting of tropical vegetation, were most lovely in appearance. Such quantities of golden fern, maiden hair too, as one came lower down, and a small kind of silver fern I had not seen before, in shape like the wild maiden hair of Great Britain. Passion flowers too, and exquisite begonias, and two little house leeks, one with the daintiest nemophila-blue flower, the other exactly similar in shape was pure white. I did not find the walk of nearly five miles down hill very fatiguing, and there was a great charm in being able to stop and examine the ferns and flowers whenever I chose.

The road is an excellent one, as all government roads are, and so well drained that even after heavy rain it was only damp in a few places. It took me an hour and a half to get down from Farm Ridge, a distance, nearly three quarters of a mile less than it would have been from the Garrison. The drive in towards Kingston though not so interesting as the outward drive towards Gordon Town when one faces the Blue Mountains, was most interesting. Mangoes are now in season, and numbers of the people I met were chewing this favourite fruit. Great trees of it growing by the road side, scattered their smooth plum-shaped fruit upon the

ground, so plentifully that it lay there sometimes unused.

All the time I had been in Newcastle my kind little hostess had placed the most beautiful pine-apples and oranges upon the table for all my meals. Pine-apples cost about four pence each, bananas six for a half-penny, and oranges about a penny a dozen when in season. The oranges were large and juicy and the pine apples delicious in flavour. One peculiarity of the West Indies is that much of the milk used is English or Swiss condensed milk, and one has soon to grow accustomed to sweetened tea and coffee. It is wonderful how soon one gets not to dislike it and to appreciate the boon it is in hot climates. Nearly all the preserves also come from England, though there is no reason that they should not be manufactured in the country where so many kinds of fruits grow and where sugar is so plentiful. At Newcastle I saw for the first time the *chincona* tree. The leaves are glossy dark green and the bark a warm reddish colour. It is not however cultivated so much now as formerly owing to the fact that quinine can be chemically produced. The cactus hedges along the road, some of them ten feet high were a striking feature and the small shingled houses.

I am glad that once I have actually stayed in a cottage built of wattles and roofed first with wood and then with tin oil-cans! while much of the woodwork was made of disused barrels. I have seldom been happier than in that little homely cottage on the hill-side, and I think I have

never had my wants more carefully considered or with greater courtesy, than I had from those kindly coloured people. It was not a haunt of fashion but it was a loving home and the politeness was that of the heart which is after all the only true kind.

CHAPTER XVIII

ROUTE TO PORT ANTONIO JOURNEY HOME

I DROVE at once to the Deaconess' Home, left some of my things there and then at sister M——'s kind invitation returned at 2 P.M. for dinner with the sisters. I had various arrangements to make, about getting my luggage forwarded to the *Barnstable* as I had determined to see Port Antonio and to reach it via coach to Arnotto Bay (leaving Kingston at 4 P.M.) a distance of thirty miles. I had considerable trouble in gaining any information about going to Port Antonio. A railway will shortly be opened between Kingston and this port * via Ewarton, Port Maria, Arnotto Bay and the coast, but it does not yet reach the entire way. Trusting that fortune would favour me by coasting steamer or otherwise; with the possibility of being stranded at Arnotto Bay or possibly obliged to return to Kingston and join the Boston fruit steamer at Port Morant, or the alternative of

* It has since been opened, when an unpleasant and serious railway accident occurred.

paying above four pounds for a buggy for the drive of thirty miles along the coast, there being no public coach. I ran the risk of these possibilities, and after many kind farewells from the sisters, started from the post office, Kingston, half-an-hour after the appointed hour. The agent of the Boston Fruit Co. in Kingston, kindly undertook to have my trunk and chair sent at my expense, via *S. S. Adula* on Tuesday, to join the Boston steamer. He also wrote to the company in Arnotto Bay asking them to find out the best and cheapest way for me to reach Port Antonio and if possible to obtain a passage on one of their coasting fruit steamers. I took my letter to the Boston Fruit Co's office and was most kindly received by the manager there, who courteously gave me a seat and went to make inquiries. I really was very fortunate for it just happened to be the day that the coasting steamer, *Adula* was due on her way to Port Antonio, and my first-class passage cost 6s. I was glad that I had faced the difficulties of the way after all, though I had been dissuaded from doing so. The manager most kindly lent me his trap to return to the boarding house for my sketching things and again to take me down to the Atlas company's wharf—where the steamer does not touch, one is obliged to go on board by an open boat—and passengers got on board about 12.45 P.M. though the steamer did not actually sail until nearly 2 P.M. The journey to Port Antonio only lasted about two hours and a half, but the *Adula* is a very comfortable steamer. I was the only first-class passenger.

The drive over Stony Hill to Castleton is very beautiful. Indeed it is more or less beautiful all the way, as on leaving Kingston, the Blue Mountains are always in sight. At Half Way Tree one comes much nearer them and they appear greener. The tram line runs out beyond Constant Springs Hotel, a handsome stone building, beautifully situated. At Half Way Tree I asked the driver where the other half led to. 'Half-way to what? Oh, it's just a name,' said he, but this did not seem a very satisfactory answer. I suggested could it be half way to Stony Hill. 'That's it, mem,' said he. The coach left Kingston at 4. I had dined shortly before starting, but at Stony Hill we pulled up at the post office just opposite which a nice, old, coloured woman with spotless white turban leant out of the window of a little house, just like the window in a Punch and Judy show. The shutter—for there was no attempt at glass or jalousies—answered a double purpose. In the day-time it let down and formed a small table for her shop, and on it upon a clean cloth were ranged small loaves for sale. It was just six, so I thought it might be my last chance that night of refreshment.

I alighted from the old coach and inquired the price of a loaf and whether she had milk or tea to drink, but these articles were not to be had, and there was no time to prepare anything. However, she had eggs and I beat one up and drank it with some nice cold water. She said the price of my supper was three farthings for the loaf and one penny for the egg. I handed her twopence,

seized my loaf, and as the coach was waiting for me, started. I ate my supper as we moved on. One gentleman was the only other traveller and he got out at Stony Hill, and the rest of the way I travelled in solitary state.

The coloured driver was very kind and obliging; however his three mules kept him occupied most of the time. He brought a large sack of parcels inside the coach to keep me company. The box-seat was filled with mail-bags, so I was obliged to go inside, but as no one sat in front of me, I saw almost as well. Once while the mules were being changed at a little wayside place, I strolled about and found a curious ivy-shaped fern and two or three other interesting specimens covered with a sort of down. Castleton is a very pretty place, enclosed by high wooded hills and with rivers running sometimes beside the road, which wound in and out and round these wonderful groups of hills so exquisitely clothed with vegetation and with charming distant views of blue mountains. It was dark when we reached Castleton, but it was the night after the full moon, and soon the queen of night cast her soft beams upon the ever-changing scene. It was a cloudless night, a soft clear atmosphere, a sort of caressing loveliness seemed everywhere. Foaming waterfalls leapt in unexpected places sheer down the steep slope rising from the road and dashed across it.

For days it had been raining heavily, and there had been a tropical shower in Kingston at mid-day, but for my journey the weather was perfect. The stars shone in the deep blue vault of heaven, and close to the earth

flew myriad-answering stars, for countless fire-flies were astir, and all through the tranquil night the twinkle of their myriad lights was visible, contrasting strangely with the dusky shadows of the night. Surely night was attired in surpassing loveliness, her purple robe sparkled with gems of living light, the calm, and pure outline of those glorious hills wore a charm mysterious and full of subtle grandeur, while the moon rose high in heaven, gilding the ridges of the hills and throwing the valleys in deep purple shade.

I was alone, driven by a black man over a lonely tropic road—through valleys so shaded sometimes that the moon was lost to view—yet it was all so full of peace and loveliness. Although after my early start I was somewhat weary I enjoyed it all with a deep rapturous pleasure. We had been late in leaving Kingston and it was after 10.30 P.M., (a very late hour in this part of the world), when after passing through a marshy and rather malarious district, the coach drew up before the post-office, Arnotto Bay. Apparently everyone was in bed, no lights were visible—however, my charioteer deposited his load of bags inside, and then kindly undertook to put me down at a boarding-house. I was not greatly taken by the appearance of the place. No proprietor was visible. I afterwards learnt that the owner was ill with an attack of fever, and his substitute, the barmaid, was not a very efficient person. I had intended to go to a house at the other end of the

village, but the lateness of the hour made me glad to accept the first accommodation that turned up.

There was no lock or fastening of any kind upon my door, and a few moments after I entered my room I discovered that neither soap nor matches were left for me. As I was unprovided with these articles I rang again and again without any notice being taken, and in the end was obliged to do without them. Happily the people in these British colonies are honest, and as the moon was shining into my room I was not left in darkness. I was utterly weary and was very soon fast asleep. In the bar-room I had to pass through below, a rough looking lot of men were assembled; they were drinking and smoking, and gesticulating loudly; however they soon dispersed. According to my wont I wakened early, but although I had ordered my 'morning coffee' at 6.15 on the previous night it was long in coming, and when it did arrive the taste was so abominable I would gladly have dispensed with it. However I could get nothing else and I drank it as fast as possible like a dose.

It was a glorious morning, intensely hot. I entertained myself with sketching, first a view of the mountains with a very green marsh in the foreground, and afterwards a bright faced little coloured girl who came to watch me paint 'upon the shore. Of course a crowd gathered round me. It was after eleven when I reached the shore near the Atlas Co's wharf and very hot. I had seated myself intending to sketch the bay, but 'Elizabeth's' bright face was too attractive, and greatly to the enter

tainment of the group assembled round I did her instead. Most of the people had an idea that I can in some way, like photographs, stamp off as many sketches as I like, and distribute copies '*ad libitum*.' However they are always quite proud when I tell them I am going to take their likenesses to England, and very often invite me to take themselves too! If I did take all the people who have offered to come with me, I might colonise a village on my own account!

I like these simple, coloured people, especially in these out-of-the-way districts. The boys often stand or kneel beside me holding my umbrella over me so politely, and while I was sketching, Elizabeth, a dear little girl, sat down in the sand close to me and held my umbrella—and they never expect payment for their kindness. Artists are a rarity, and to get in a sufficiently good position to see my sketch is all they wish for. The best view of Arnotto Bay is from the water, but I was so weary when I reached the Atlas steamer *Adula* that I was obliged to rest. I had been rushing about all the morning in intense heat and my breakfast had consisted of dry bread and eggs. The cocoa I had ordered though very liberally supplied for the modest sum of threepence at a little refreshment shop in the village was undrinkable, so I distributed it to a couple of small boys who had watched me sketch, and gave what remnants of my loaf remained to some other children which pleased them very much.

Afterwards I bought six bananas for a halfpenny—

ate three and gave the others to the children. Just before we sailed, a few drops of rain fell but it soon cleared and the sun shone out. I was glad once more to recline in a comfortable deck-chair and watch the wonderful sparkling sea, and the lovely coast and mountain views. I think the mountains of Dominica—as seen from the sea—present almost a finer appearance than those of Jamaica, owing to the fact that they run more abruptly into the water.

The mountains in Jamaica are nearly always divided from the sea by a more or less extensive savannah. Port Antonio was the most picturesque point along this portion of the coast. As one approached one's attention was aroused by the beauty of the bay and its enclosing hills with the pure, soft colouring of the distant Blue Mountains bounding the horizon. The steamer came up alongside the wharf, and I chartered a small boy to convey my possessions to a boarding-house. I had wished to get a room at Mrs Jones', which has a pretty view, but it was full. I tried in two or three others with the same result, and at last was obliged to put up for three days at the Boston Fruit Co's boarding-house which is entirely American in arrangement and consequently expensive.

The hours there do not suit very well for sketching, but it was the only place I could find, and it did quite well for three days. There was a lovely sunset and I wandered a little way down by the Fort to enjoy the view. Before one lay the harbour with soft, golden

lights. In the extreme distance were the Blue Mountains—so wonderfully blue—and several distances of hills enclosing them and grouped round a wooded valley. Nestling beneath a wooded hill the brown-hued parish church stood out prominently, and the soft ripple of the water lapped cool upon the palm-fringed shore. A rose-red flush stole over the sky, and the long shadows grew deeper and calmer upon the sea. Really I had been singularly fortunate. I had come to Jamaica in the end of April. May was the rainy season, and heavy showers fell, and several entire days were wet, and yet during all my long rides, drives, and expeditions by mountain, coast, or sea, not one shower had fallen.

Here I was at the last stage of my West Indian journey, having seen a great deal, and with the exception of losing some days' sketching, on days when it was wholly wet, my plans had been most satisfactorily accomplished, and I felt that I had really gained some substantial information and knowledge concerning Jamaica and the British West Indies, and I had met with nothing but kindness and courtesy wherever I went. I shall certainly carry away a very pleasant memory of my sojourn in these lovely islands, and many grateful feelings for all the kindness I have experienced.

May 30. It has been raining all day in torrents, sketching has been impossible, and I feel that I have earned a rest. Indeed after all the knocking about of the last two days, I am rather stiff and weary, so I do not regret the rain, particularly as I have a pretty room, with windows

all round two sides of it, and the air, although it is pouring outside, is so dry that with all the windows wide open a handkerchief I had wet and hung up dried in a very short space of time.

May 31. Trinity Sunday. The morning was so very wet I did not go out till the evening service. The parish church is an old building, and contains a curious old fashioned 'three-decker,' clerk's desk, prayer desk, and pulpit placed in front of the sanctuary. A beautiful white cross of flowers was placed upon the altar, with exquisite white lilies in the vases. The services, as in all the Jamaican churches, were reverent, and the congregation joined heartily in the singing and responses. The church is finely situated under a green hillside, and at the end of the picturesque old village street. It contains a good many monuments, and the tower has a clock. The people of Jamaica are religious, and the services are as well attended as in England, and the quiet observed here contrasts somewhat with the more foreign observance of the day in Trinidad. Jamaica, has however been an English colony so much longer than any of the other islands that this is not surprising.

June 2. *S.S. Barnstable*. We are off at last. Jamaica is fast receding from sight and only a faint outline is now visible. I have enjoyed my visit to the West Indies, but I shall be glad to see England again. Yesterday we had heavy rain in the morning. At Port Antonio I was driven away from my sketch, but I finished one in the afternoon and at 7 P.M. went on board the *Barnstable* which did not

sail till midnight. No one who has not seen a tropical fruit steamer can at all imagine what an exciting and picturesque scene it is. A procession of black boys and men carrying two or three immense bunches of bananas upon their heads while a man stands near the entrance to the hatches, armed with a cutlass, with which he chops off the superfluous stems, aiming a blow first to right and then to left as the double procession passes by, with unerring skill—a false blow would probably chop off an arm, or fracture a skull—but he is sure of his weapon. The bananas are still unripe, a vivid fresh green, and the coloured people with their green loads look not unlike gigantic beetles.

It is an animated busy scene; the stores on the Boston Fruit Co's wharf,—which is at the other side of the bay to the Atlas Company's wharf—are packed with fruit. I watch it for a long time and then retire to rest early, meaning to see marvels upon the following day, and at half-past five I have my bath and get on deck shortly after six. At midnight the horn sounded twice, so that one's slumbers were put an end to. It was a clear moonlight night, and from my upper berth I could see the clear outline of the mountains and the quivering track of light upon the waves. Passengers from Kingston were to join the *Barnstaple* at Port Morant, but we passed the Port stopping only to take some men on board for the loading of the ship. We then proceeded to Morant Bay, where picturesque lighters with their green cargo came out to meet the ship. The men formed

a chain when the middle partition of the lighter was unloaded and threw the bunches one by one from hand to hand, catching them with such precision that it very rarely happened that even one banana fell off. The average cargo of the *Barnstable* is 20,000 bunches of bananas. The cost of a bunch, average size, is half-a-crown and these bunches on reaching Boston are sold for two dollars or eight and fourpence each, wholesale, leaving a clear profit of more than double the amount.

The fruit ships sail weekly from Port Antonio or Morant Bay to Boston, and bananas are the principal fruit exported, though cocoanuts are also largely exported, being first divested of their fibre, to economise space. Cocoanuts can also be had all the year round, but oranges are best in November and at the present season are rarely to be had in any quantity. Mangoes are sometimes exported but they bruise so very easily they must be very carefully packed, and in small cases as also tomatoes. Pineapples are also exported in considerable quantities.

We remained for some hours in Morant Bay collecting fruit there and then returned to Port Morant. Here as in the other parts, the Boston Fruit Co's wharf is at the opposite side of the bay to the village, and by far the largest quantity of bananas is taken on board here, where the wharf is specially suited for the purpose, being protected alike from sun and rain. I found my trunk and chair awaiting me on payment of shipping fees from

Kingston, and the *Adula* arrived an hour or two later than we did bringing passengers from Kingston. Here the lading was even more animated and picturesque than in Port Antonio. The sun was very strong, the sky that brilliant blue only seen in the tropics, and the water an almost more brilliant shade of cobalt. The coloured people wearing white or bluish garments, and the coolies with their neatly proportioned figures passed in uninterrupted procession from the store-rooms to the ship with bunches of green fruit poised upon their heads.

Behind the stores and all round the bay were plantations of cocoanut palms, a vivid yellow-green, and along the shore came waggon after waggon sometimes drawn by teams of oxen plodding slowly over the muddy road, for the rains had been very heavy. Sometimes they are drawn by mules or horses. I walked up to the top of a hill planted with cocoanuts from which I had some charming views. The road would have made a pretty picture, shaded with palms and the blue mountains and bay in the distance. On the top was a sort of arbour amongst palm trees, raised on posts with a long flight of steps leading up to it from which one had a nice view, and where the air was delightfully cool. In the afternoon a lady from Port Antonio invited me to go for a drive with her and her little boy. The captain came too, and we drove out to a place called Golden Grove beyond which is an immense banana plantation.

Golden Grove was once an important sugar estate, but it is now very little used for that purpose, and acres of

bananas are grown and shipped to Boston. There had been heavy rain for several days, and the roads were in an unusually muddy condition. We passed teams of oxen laden with bananas, and as the day was intensely hot, it was really painful sometimes to see the cruelty inflicted upon these poor creatures. Of course, a certain amount of fruit had to be got on board as quickly as possible, but there was no need to whip and maltreat the poor animals which were almost fainting with the hard labour imposed on them and their coloured drivers were really unmerciful.

At Golden Grove there is an old water-mill, and beyond more than a square mile of bananas. The road would eventually have led us back to Port Antonio. We crossed several fords, but there was nothing very new about this part of the country, though it was often very pretty. On the way back our driver brought down from a tree which grew beside the road, a number of rose apples. They have exactly the taste and perfume of moss rosebuds. The inside is hollow, containing a seed the size of a marble, and the colour of the fruit is golden. We drove to an American Quaker missionary's house. He was at home and showed me a coolie edition of St Matthew's gospel. He was learning the language from a coolie who had become a member of the Church of England, having in turn tried all the religions of India, but without deriving any satisfaction from them. Then he tried the gospel of Christ, and he found what he desired; but

he had honestly searched the religions of his own country before he became a Christian.

A large supply of fruit still remained upon the wharf, and after five o'clock supper I took a little stroll, imagining that all the fruit was to go on board before we sailed, but I saw a sight which I am sorry to have witnessed in beautiful, peaceful Jamaica.

Under a shed lay a beautiful Indian ox, gasping and struggling faintly in a death agony, the result of its day's over-work. The fine creature lay there utterly prostrate, though they assured me that it was no longer in pain. And a little further on, another animal of the ordinary chestnut colour lay in a condition little better, worse indeed for its own happiness, and around it stood its comrades, motionless and utterly weary.

The men were trying to make the poor beast rise, and behaving very unkindly. How the matter ended I cannot say, for the ship's horn blew, and I rushed to the wharf to find that the *Barnstaple* had started.

There was no warning horn as on the English steamers, and we had not been distinctly told when we were to sail; so there was I, standing on the wharf and the ship off, with all my belongings on board. A boat was quickly procured, however, and while the ship was turning round, I got on board though I had had rather a shock, indeed a double shock as a parting remembrance of Jamaica. However, 'all's well that ends well.' I got safely on board, and soon the last faint outline of Jamaica passed from our sight.

June 4. I rose at 4.30 and saw a most glorious sunrise. About 7 A.M. Cuba came in sight, first a faint blue outline scarcely distinguishable from the clouds, then growing gradually more distinct until at about 10.30 we ran round Guanós Point and Cape Maysi.

It was interesting to get a glimpse of this island with its curious stone terraces, all so burnt-up and brown-looking, so desolate and forlorn in appearance. At Cape Maysi, the most Eastern point, (a long flat bit of sandy ground which runs out into the most marvellously blue, sparkling sea), there is a lighthouse and a few rather desolate-looking houses so exactly the colour of the rock that at first they could not be distinguished from it.

In the evening of the same day at 8 P.M., we passed the fine lighthouse on Acklin Island which can be seen eighteen miles away. For the first two days we saw numbers of flying fish, and off Cuba, a bird somewhat like a seagull though rather smaller, and less sweeping in its flight. Then the sea changed in colour and we found ourselves tossing on the grey waters of the familiar Atlantic, with heavy showers falling, and leaden seas tossing heavily. It was pouring when we reached Boston, and I was glad to spend the morning there in the picture gallery and library under cover, and to find that an express for Niagara started in the afternoon. So by way of Niagara, with a peep at Hamilton and the Muskoka Lakes, and a day or two at Toronto, by way of the wide Lake of Ontario, and the mighty river of St Lawrence, calling at Montreal and Quebec, and meet-

ing with much kindness and hospitality everywhere, I finally returned to England on July 6th, 1896, having gained a brief glimpse also of the great dominion of Canada. I had originally sailed from England to New York. Here also I had been greeted with the most cordial hospitality, and it was interesting to compare my visit to the United States with this parting sight of Canada, before the wide Atlantic once more intervened for me between the old world and the new.

THE END

LONDON
DIGBY, LONG & CO., PUBLISHERS
BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST

DIGBY, LONG & Co.'s NEW NOVELS, STORIES, Etc.

IN ONE VOLUME, Price 6s.

By Florence Marryat.

IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY.

By the Author of "The Beautiful Soul," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
—*Second Edition.*

By Mrs Alice M. Diehl.

A LAST THROW.

By the Author of "A Woman's Cross," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
—*Second Edition.*

By Robey F. Eldridge.

THE KESTYNS OF CATHER CASTLE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

By Capt. Charles Clark.

MY YARNS OF SEA FOAM AND GOLD DUST.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

By John Ferriss Causton.

A MODERN JUDAS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Now Ready.*

By John Bridge.

DINNER FOR THIRTEEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Now Ready.*

By Jean de la Brète.

FATE'S FETTERS. Translated from the French by Mrs F. HOPER-DIXON. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Just out.*

"The Author's first two books, 'My Uncle and My Curate,' and 'The Romance of a Believer,' had neither of them less than thirty editions. The newcomer is worthy of its predecessors, and we doubt not that it will meet with the same success."—*La Libre Parole.*

"One of the best novels of Jean de la Brète, and it is just as interesting to readers of either sex."—*Gaulois.*

"'My Uncle and My Curate' is one of the novels most relished by the French public. 'Fate's Fetters' is most chaste, most distinguished, and really a strong work in its melancholy grace."—*Revue Helvétique.*

By Clement A. Mendham.

A TROTH OF TEARS.

Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s. With a Frontispiece.—*At Press.*

By Hattil Foll.

MAJOR CARLILE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*At Press.*

By S. E. Hall.

SYBIL FAIRLEIGH.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*At Press.*

By Rupert Alexander.

BALLYRONAN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Now Ready.*

By Reginald St Barbe.

FRANCESCA HALSTEAD. A Tale of San Remo.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"Francesca is a beautifully drawn portrait, tender, graceful, and woman like."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"The writer exhibits rare skill in devising a plot."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

"This clever and interesting novel."—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

"Does not fail in interest at any stage."—*Scotsman.*

By Alfred Smythe.

A NEW FAUST. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"Told vividly and with spirit. Stephanie is charming . . . intensely exciting."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

By Mrs Florence Severne.

THE DOWAGER'S DETERMINATION.

By the Author of "The Pillar House," "In the Meshes," etc.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"A powerful story. The authoress manages her incidents with skill and grace."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

By Mrs Alice M. Diehl.

A WOMAN'S CROSS.

By the Author of "The Garden of Eden," "Passion's Puppets,"
"A Modern Helen." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"Far above the average of modern novels, and should undoubtedly be inquired for and read."—*St James's Budget.*

By J. E. Muddock.

WITHOUT FAITH OR FEAR.

The Story of a Soul. By the Author of "Stripped of the Tinsel," etc.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"An absorbing narrative. Will be read with interest. It possesses great charm of narrative and grace of literary style."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

By May St Claire (Mrs Gannaway Atkins).

A STORMY PAST.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"A wholesome story of a romantic order, and will be read with pleasure and profit."—*Western Daily Mercury.*

By David Worthington.

EQUAL SHARES.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

"Told with spirit and ingenuity . . . very cleverly sketched."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

By the Princess de Bourg.

THE AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

*** Published simultaneously in London and New York.*

"One of the most delightful female characters in recent fiction; Kitty Fauntleroy is, indeed, a creation. The story is a refreshingly healthy one
—*Aberdeen Press.*

By Bertha M. M. Miniken.

AN ENGLISH WIFE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"A pleasant story, animated by a pure and healthy spirit. The tale is told with great feeling."—*Observer.*

By Albert Hardy.

A CROWN OF GOLD.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. With a frontispiece by the Author.

"The plot is distinctly good, and various types of character are cleverly drawn. The book is one that will be read and appreciated by many."—*Court Circular.*

By Kathleen Behenna.

SIDARTHA.

An Original and Powerful Novel. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"A book that will keep one in breathless excitement from start to finish. The story is one of those in which the reader will not feel inclined to skip a page, lest he lose a link in the chain of interest."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"There is certainly no lack of incident in Miss Behenna's maiden effort, and Edgar Poe himself could not have given us a more weird conception than the bewitchment of poor Doris . . . the power of the hidden terror is described with a quiet force that is very striking."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

By Mrs John Procter.

AN OAK OF CHIVALRY.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

Both hero and heroine engross the reader's warm sympathy from the opening chapter. The reader follows with increasing interest the ramifications of the plot through a series of vivid scenes.

By Val Nightingale.

THE DEVIL'S DAUGHTER.

By the Author of "The World on Wheels." Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*In May.*

By G. Beresford Fitz Gerald.

A FLEETING SHOW.

By the Author of "An Odd Career," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*In May.*

IN ONE VOLUME, Price 3s. 6d.

By Tivoli.

A SHORT INNINGS.

A Public School Episode. By the Author of "Une Culotte," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. With a Frontispiece.—*Ready*.

By Theresa Molyneux.

A LADY'S CONFESSIONS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Ready*.

By J. H. Swingler.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Ready*.

By Mrs E. Lynn Linton.

'TWIXT CUP AND LIP.

By the Author of "Patricia Kemball," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Second Edition*.

Grant Allen's Successful Book.

THE DESIRE OF THE EYES.

By the Author of "The Woman Who Did," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Eighth Edition*.

ACROSS THE ZODIAC.

A Story of Adventure. In pictorial cloth, with a Frontispiece, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.—*Second Edition*.

"One of the best books of the year. The idea has been well worked out, and the Author goes far beyond any of Jules Verne's imitators in the audacity he displays."—*The Morning Post*.

"Marvellous incidents in a narrative abounding in sensation."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

By Fergus Hume.

A MARRIAGE MYSTERY.

By the Author of "The Masquerade Mystery," etc. Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Third Edition*.

"The book is a tortuous and mazy tale of mystery, very ingenious in throwing the reader off the scent while luring him on through a cleverly woven web of mystery, which is only unravelled in the very last chapter."—*St James's Budget*.

By Dr Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE.

By the Author of "289 R: the Story of a Double Life," "The Mystery of a Millionaire's Grave," etc., etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

By the Hon. Ernest Pomeroy.

SKETCHES FOR SCAMPS.

Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 3s. 6d.

"Several of the 'sketches' are full of raciness and humour, and a keen appreciation of character."—*St James's Gazette*.

"One cannot help laughing heartily over it."—*Literary World*.

By A. E. Aldington.

THE QUEEN'S PREFERMENT.

A Historical Romance. With original Drawings by H. A. PAYNE.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"An historical story, short and brisk. The picture is worked up with vivacity and vigour, and not without some command of language and picturesque effects. The story is quick and stirring. The illustrations are purposely quaint."—*Athenæum*.

By Norman R. Byers.

A DOUBTFUL LOSS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A nicely written story."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

By Edgar D. C. Bolland.

DOROTHY LUCAS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"So fascinating and delightful a story. It is a most readable story."—*Western Daily Mercury*.

By Fred Holmes, M.A.

A MAN AMONGST MEN.

Dedicated to Human Society. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A work of genuine ability and considerable interest."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

By Quinton Simmel.

THE WILL THAT WINS.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Dedicated to the Earl of Hopetoun.

All readers will warm to the bright picture of the good Bishop and his two soldier boys. Cerena, the charming heroine, is in her way a creation, and the story of her daring flight from a detested suitor is holding from the beginning to the end.

By an Exponent.

CHRYSTAL, THE NEWEST OF WOMEN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*Third Edition.*

Chrystal, with her many questionings, her high courage, her candour, her truthfulness, and her quaint originality, is charming. Rarely, if ever, has such a close analysis of a child's character, and that child a girl, been given.

By Henry Grimshawe.

Dr FORENTI.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"The interest is evenly maintained throughout. It is not wanting in exciting incident, concisely and well described."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

By H. J. Chaytor.

THE LIGHT OF THE EYE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.—*In May.*

IN ONE VOLUME, Price 2s. 6d.

By Jean Delaire.

PRO PATRIA.

A small sketch on a vast subject. Illustrated throughout with Drawings by ALFRED TOUCHEMOLIN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.—*In April.*

By W. Carter Platts.

THE TUTTLEBURY TALES.

By the Angling Editor of the "Yorkshire Weekly Post." Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 2s. 6d.—*Third Edition.*

"The rollicking good humour is irresistible."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"These lively episodes will be the source of hearty laughter."—*Globe.*

"Mr Platts reminds us of the American humorist, Max Adeler. He is not an imitator but his fun is of the same kind, farcical of course, but unstrained and laughter compelling."—*The Spectator.*

"Very amusing. Irresistibly comic. There is not a dull line from start to finish."—*St James's Budget.*

"Mr Carter Platts is the Max Adeler of the present generation. If one looks about for another writer of the same hilarious kind, he is not to be found."—*Yorkshire Post.*

By Joseph Ashton.

INMATES OF THE MANSION.

Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 2s. 6d. Beautifully illustrated.

"An allegorical subject, and will be found most readable for youths, who will learn a lesson in glancing through its pages."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

By Chieton Chalmers.

THE INSEPARABLES.

A Book for Boys. Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, fully illustrated, 2s. 6d.

"High above the average of school stories. There is a strong dramatic interest in the narrative of the disgracing of Lionel Middleton on a charge of which he was innocent that will appeal to every school boy's heart. It is really a first-rate story."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

By Nemo.

A MERE PUG. The Romance of a Dog. Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 2s. 6d.

"This pretty story of the adventures of a pug dog . . . there are few books of the season that could have been more heartily recommended for children."—*The Standard.*

Digby's Popular Novel Series

In Crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d. per Vol. Each book contains about 320 pp., printed on superior paper, from new type, and bound in uniform handsome cloth, gilt lettered. These novels have met with marked success in the more expensive form.

*Those marked with an * may be had in picture boards at 2s.*

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE SERIES.

By Dora Russell.

A MAN'S PRIVILEGE.

By Fergus Hume.

THE MASQUERADE MYSTERY.

By Arabella Kenealy.

THE HONOURABLE MRS SPOOR.

By J. E. Muddock.

STRIPPED OF THE TINSEL.

By Annie Thomas.

A LOVER OF THE DAY.

By Jean Middlemas.

HUSH MONEY.

By Mrs Robert Jocelyn.

JUANITA CARRINGTON.

OTHER VOLUMES IN THE SERIES.

By Arabella Kenealy.

* Some Men are Such Gentlemen.—*Fifth Edition.*

* Dr Janet of Harley Street.—*Seventh Edition.*

By Florence Marryat.

The Beautiful Soul.—*Second Edition.*

By Dora Russell.

The Other Bond.—*Second Edition.*

* A Hidden Chain.—*Third Edition.*

By L. T. Meade

A Life for a Love.—*Second Edition.*

By Jean Middlemass.

* The Mystery of Clement Dunraven.—*Second Edition.*

By Hume Nisbet.

* The Jolly Roger. Illustrated by Author.—*Fifth Edition.*

Her Loving Slave.—*Second Edition.*

By Annie Thomas.

False Pretences.—*Second Edition.*

By Hilton Hill.

* His Egyptian Wife. Picture Boards only.—*Seventh Edition.*

*** Other Works in the same Series in due course.*

IN ONE VOLUME, Price 1s. 6d. and 1s.

By Hillary Deccan.

WHERE BILLOWS BREAK.

By the Author of "Light in the Offing." Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.—

"This little volume of stories from the west coast of Ireland, is a refreshing change from the scenery and subject-matter of the ordinary novel. The Author evidently knows and loves the sea, and a fresh breeze as of the rolling Atlantic inspires his work. The Author has a knack of description, and we could wish for more of his Irish stories."—*New Saturday*.

By Aldyth Ingram.

SMIRCHED.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"A pretty and original little romance."—*Black and White*.

"The dialogue throughout the book is unusually good, the Author showing genuine signs of a gift worth cultivating."—*Manchester Guardian*.

By F. H. Hudson.

THE VAGARIES OF LOVE.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

"A love story this of more than ordinary merit. The plot presents some degree of freshness—which is commendation enough—and it is worked out pleasantly, fully and deftly."—*Aberdeen Press*.

By Violet Tweedale.

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES.

By the Author of "And They Two," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.—*Second Edition*.

By Gratiana Darrell.

THE HAUNTED LOOKING GLASS.

Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 1s. 6d.—*With a Frontispiece*.

By Frances England.

SMALL CONCERNS.

Long 12mo, 1s.—*In April*.

Roof Roofer's Sensational Novels

Price 1s. each; Post free, 1s. 2d.

LOVE ONLY LENT.

"Mr Roofer is undoubtedly clever . . . his smart and witty style."—*The Daily Chronicle*.

THE TWIN DIANAS.

"He knows life, the feverish set-on-edge existence of the Wall Street money-maker, and the select, silver-lined life of Fashionable New York."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

TWO MOTHERS OF ONE.

"Clever when he treats of finance."—*Morning Post*.

PRETTYBAD ROGERS.

~ Miscellaneous ~

THE BIRDS OF OUR COUNTRY. By H. E. Stewart, B.A.

With Illustrations by ARCHIBALD THORBURN, J. GIACOMELLI, G. E. LODGE, K. KEYL, R. KRETSCHMER, etc. Crown 8vo. Pictorial cloth, gilt top, 3s. 6d., over 400 pages.—*Now Ready.*

In bringing this work before the public two things are essential to its success—firstly, the conviction that such a book is needed, and secondly, that the Author is possessed of the information required for its production. With regard to the first of these :—The price of nearly all the standard works on ornithology places them beyond the reach of the young naturalist, and the information contained in the few cheap books, which at present exist, is in many instances scanty. The aim of the Author has been to place in the young collector's hand, at a popular price, a comprehensive account of every bird which is likely to be met with in the British Isles. The work is illustrated throughout.

Illustrated Prospectus post free.

A BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOK.

WIT, WISDOM AND FOLLY. Pen and Pencil Flashes.

By J. Villin Marmery. Author of "Progress of Science," "Manual of the History of Art," etc. With 100 Original Illustrations by ALFRED TOUCHEMOLIN, Author of "Strasbourg Militaire." Demy 8vo, superior binding, 6s.

An *Édition de Luxe*, in Royal 8vo, printed on hand-made paper, and limited to 100 copies, bound in red leather, gilt top, is also issued, price 21s. net.

"A pleasant volume of chatty anecdotes. Bright and piquant. Mr Marmery's book ought to be a treasure to the confirmed diner-out."—*The Standard (Leader)*.

"One of the most entertaining collections of anecdotes. The illustrations consist in daintily-drawn headpieces to the various chapters. The present collection of anecdotes is better than most."—*Westminster Budget*.

New Work by Caroline Gearey.

TWO FRENCH QUEENS.

Elizabeth of Valois—Marguerite of Valois. By the Author of "In Other Lands," "Three Empresses." With Portraits, crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Second Edition.*

"We have the very highest opinion of Miss Gearey's powers, and unconditionally recommend her book."—*Glasgow Daily Mail*.

"Miss Gearey has once more given us a charming collection of historical biographies, compiled with care and written with taste and true womanly feeling."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

IS NATURAL SELECTION THE CREATOR OF SPECIES?

By **Duncan Graham**. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

This work is a library of reference on the most controversial subjects of the day, and in it Darwin and his theories are analytically tested, and the whole of the teleological argument is set forth with much lucidity. The merit of this work is that it is a compendium of the subject of Evolution, and in itself a small theological encyclopædia made popular.

By **Robert Woolward** ("Old Woolward").

NIGH ON SIXTY YEARS AT SEA.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. With Portrait.—*Second Edition*.

"Very entertaining reading. Captain Woolward writes sensibly and straightforwardly, and tells his story with the frankness of an old salt. He has a keen sense of humour, and his stories are endless and very entertaining."—*The Times*.

By **John Bradshaw**.

NORWAY, ITS FJORDS, FJELDS AND FOSSES.

Crown 8vo, pictorial cloth, 3s. 6d.

"A book which every tourist may well buy."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"The work is much more than a guide book, and it is certainly that and an excellent one. It is a history as well of the country, and contains a series of admirably arranged tours."—*Leeds Mercury*.

By **Josiah Crooklands**.

THE ITALIANS OF TO-DAY.

Translated from the French of RENÉ BAZIN. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

"By those who would study more closely the political and social aspects of Italian life to-day, Mr Crooklands's translation should be accorded a hearty welcome and an attentive perusal."—*Public Opinion*.

"M. René Bazin is a writer whose style we have often praised."—*The Athenæum*.

By **William F. Regan**.

BOER AND UITLANDER.

The True History of Late Events in South Africa. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. With Copyright Portraits, Map, etc.—*Fifth Edition*.

MR GLADSTONE writes:—"I thank you very much for your work, and rejoice that by means of it public attention will be called to all the circumstances connected with the origin and history of the Transvaal, which possess so strong a claim upon our equitable consideration."

"The writer should be able to speak with authority, for he is none other than Mr W. F. Regan, the well-known South African financier, whose name has been a good deal before the public in connection with the events following upon the 'Raid.'"—*Glasgow Herald*.

By Margaret Newton.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN BERMUDA AND THE TROPICS.

With 42 Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.—*Now Ready.*

New Work by the Author of "Roland Kyan."

THE REIGN OF PERFECTION. Letters on a Liberal Catholic Philosophy. **By Walter Sweetman, B.A.** Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.—*Now ready.*

"The book is ingenious and clever, the spirit of it is admirable, and its temper calm and sweet throughout. . . . The book is certainly significant, while, outside the region of contentious subjects, its intellectual and spiritual merits will command wide sympathy and appreciation."—*Bradford Observer.*

By Percy Russell.

THE AUTHOR'S MANUAL.

With Prefatory Remarks by Mr GLADSTONE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net. (*Ninth and Cheaper Edition.*) With Portrait.

". . . Mr Russell's book is a very complete manual and guide for journalist and author. It is not a merely practical work—it is literary and appreciative of literature in its best sense; . . . we have little else but praise for the volume."—*Westminster Review.*

BY THE SAME.

A GUIDE TO BRITISH AND AMERICAN NOVELS.

From the Earliest Period to the end of 1894. By the Author of "The Author's Manual," etc. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.—*Second Edition carefully revised.*

"Mr Russell's familiarity with every form of novel is amazing, and his summaries of plots and comments thereon are as brief and lucid as they are various."—*Spectator.*

~ Poetry and the Drama ~

By Kathleen Behenna.

THE HISTORY OF A SOUL.

Beautifully printed on Hand-made Paper. Demy 8vo, artistic cloth, gilt edges, 5s. net.

By Frederick J. Johnston-Smith.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE DOLPHIN AND OTHER POEMS OF THE SEA.

Crown 8vo, art linen, gilt top, 3s. 6d. net.

By Cecilia Elizabeth Meetkerke.

FRAGMENTS FROM VICTOR HUGO'S LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

By C. Potter.

CANTOS FROM THE DIVINA COMMEDIA OF DANTE.

Translated into English Verse. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

By Lily Overington.

RANDOM RHYMES AND CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s. net.

By Henry Osborne, M.A.

THE PALACE OF DELIGHTS AND OTHER POEMS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

By the late Ernest G. Henty and E. A. Starkey.

AUSTRALIAN IDYLLS AND BUSH RHYMES.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

By Leonard Williams.

BALLADS AND SONGS OF SPAIN.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

By Walter Thead.

THE STORY OF JEPHTHAH AND OTHER POEMS.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d. net.—*At Press.*

By E. Derry.

SOPHONISBA; OR, THE PRISONER OF ALBA AND OTHER POEMS.

By the Author of "Lays of the Scottish Highlands." Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

By Alexander Buckler.

WORD SKETCHES IN WINDSOR.—Foolscap 8vo, art linen, 2s. 6d.—*Ready.*

By Isaac Willcocks, M.R.C.S.

THE MAGIC KEY. A Fairy Drama in Four Acts. By the Author of "Pixy." Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

By An Odd Fellow.

ODDS AND ENDS. Foolscap 8vo, art linen, 1s. 6d. net.

* * *A complete Catalogue of Novels, Travels, Biographies Poems, etc., with a critical or descriptive notice of each, free by post on application.*

LONDON: DIGBY, LONG & CO., Publishers

18 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, E.C.

“As we have said more than once, Messrs DIGBY, LONG & CO. have earned for themselves a reputation as publishers of high-class fiction.”—NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE.

“This well-known firm of London Publishers are at present exhibiting even more than their normal activity in supplying the public with attractive works of fiction.”—DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

“Several novels of that very pleasant type come from the office of Messrs DIGBY, LONG & CO., excellently bound, well printed, and neatly finished.” — NOTTINGHAM DAILY GUARDIAN.

“We can heartily compliment Messrs DIGBY, LONG & CO. upon the uniform excellence of workmanship displayed in the production of their publications.”—BRIGHTON GUARDIAN.

University of California

SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388

Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

JUL 18 2005

DOE 2005 JUL 18 11 11 AM RECEIVED

ILL-UMC

UCLA ACCESS SERVICE

Interlibrary Loan

11630 University Research Library

Box 951575

Los Angeles, CA 90095-1575

AUG 10 2005

F
1610
N48g
Newton -
Glimpses of
life in
Bermuda and
the tropics.

Philip Hershovitz

F
1610
N48g

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 001 083 208 7

UNIVERSITY of CALIFORNIA
AT

